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# THE MASTERY OF LOVE

## By J. E. McCulloch

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# The Mastery of Love

## A Narrative of Settlement Life

By
JAMES E. McCULLOCH
*Author of "The Open Church for the Unchurched"*

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# PREFACE

THIS book was not made; it grew. It is not a novel, but a narrative. It is not the "work" of the author; but a "labor of love" for his odd moments—a by-product woven out of the scraps of time from a busy school life.

The purpose of the book is to make a study of some conditions through types of society. The only characters in this study who utterly fail in the school of life are the criminal who has grown old in crime and hypocrisy, the rich young man who is satisfied with his wealth and sinfulness, and others who have an inheritance and environment of evil that make their lives inexorable. The slum children and the youth—even the very worst in Hell's Acre—so develop, as a rule, under the teachings of the truth and under the inspiration of Christian influence, that their growth in character seems wonderful.

The test of every life in Hell's Acre and everywhere is the power and quality of one's ruling love. The finest art and most sacred work is that of Miss Rishnell whose business is to transform lives by the power of love and of Christian personality so that they cease to be sinful and miserable and become unselfish, devoted and happy.

Through his knowledge of these "types," the author has come to understand better the classes that constitute the every-day life of modern society, to sympathize more deeply with the bitter hearted and to believe more strongly in the essential goodness of human nature.

He wrote the book just for the joy of working and for the help it may give to others. If the portrayal of these characters leads the reader to be more sympathetic towards the unfortunate and more grateful and happy in the love that has blessed his own life, the object of the author will have been accomplished.

JAMES E. MCCULLOCH.

*Nashville, Tenn.*

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# I

## The Settlement Opened in Hell's Acre

# I

## THE SETTLEMENT OPENED IN HELL'S ACRE

HELL'S ACRE is the name of a notorious slum in the Athens of the South. It is about half a mile square and filled with human wreckage. Every life has been struck with the blight of sin and suffering.

The nerve centre of Hell's Acre is a social settlement called "Community House," which was opened September 24, 1901, with Miss Annette Rishnell as head-resident and Miss Ellen Palmer as kindergarten teacher.

The building to be used as the headquarters of the settlement and the living-rooms of the missionaries had been set in order by a committee of energetic women, representing the board of directors, who had also planned a "cordial" reception. At the close of the reception, Miss Rishnell and Miss Palmer were shown through the building, which had four living-rooms on the second floor and a large lecture hall below. After a free discussion about the needs of the field and methods of work, the chairman of the committee gave the keys to Miss Rishnell, and then the two young ladies were left alone to work out the social and moral regeneration of "Hell's Acre."

The whole situation was calculated to give the

stoutest heart the "blues." Here were two young women far from home, where they had enjoyed many of life's sweetest privileges. Being a college graduate, though only about twenty-six years of age, Miss Rishnell could have commanded, by her splendid intellectual gifts, a large salary as a teacher. The refinement and beauty of her personality stood out in striking contrast to the ignorance and ugliness of that slum. The very building they had come to occupy looked like a barn compared with the elegant dwellings of the committee that had just left. Not a person, not even a name, did they know in the whole community. There they were alone like angels of light in a spiritual dungeon.

Why had they come? Surely not for the salary, which would scarcely provide board and very modest clothing. Neither had they come for pleasure; they were not "out sightseeing in the slums." A young man in the reading-room later tried to explain their motives by saying: "They are some of them blamed Yankees come down here thinkin' they'll learn us how to git religion." Yet they were more than even the "professional missionary"; their motives were deeper; their life more normal and wholesome.

An incident that occurred a few evenings after they came will give at least a hint at their real purpose. They were sitting at the window of the front room, looking out on the street below and pointing out various objects of interest that could be seen in the glare of the street lights. They had

observed a group of little children playing in the street and Miss Palmer had just remarked that she hoped they could be enlisted for her kindergarten. While they were looking at the group of little tots quietly playing, a woman's screams startled them. Peering eagerly out of the window, they saw a woman running towards the group of children and screaming as if in great distress. Then another woman sprang frantically out on the pavement, and then a third, all running towards the children. Seeing no cause for alarm, the missionaries hurried down-stairs and out to the front. Miss Rishnell opened the door and was on the point of stepping out on the pavement, when she heard a man's voice near by breathing out bitter oaths, as if insane. She quietly stepped back inside and closed the door. In a moment a young man went staggering by, holding a long knife in his hand and waving it over his head, swearing like a madman. Presently the voice died away, leaving the very air of the street polluted and dreadful.

The young ladies returned to their rooms, perplexed and grieved. While talking scarcely above a whisper about the scene they had just witnessed, the door-bell rang. If a cannon had been fired on the top of the house, they would not have been more startled. When Miss Palmer caught her breath she sighed: "Annette, what shall we do? Are you sure you locked the door?"

Miss Rishnell said nothing, but walked quietly to the side window in her room and looked down to

see who was at the door. There stood a woman, evidently very poor. Miss Rishnell called down: "Well, what is it?" The woman replied: "Good-evening, miss. Ain't you a stranger here?" "Yes, we are," was the response. "Well, I've got somethin' I want to tell ye." "All right, just wait till I can come down and let you in."

"What on earth does she want to tell us?" whispered Miss Palmer. Miss Rishnell invited the stranger in, but was very careful to lock the door. Miss Palmer was an electrified interrogation. They sat down together with the woman in the library, wondering what would happen next.

They soon discovered, however, that they had found a friend. Mrs. Sharpe, who lived just across the street in front of the settlement, had been told that two young women were to live in this building and open a settlement. She didn't know what it all meant, but she had an idea that they were good women, and there for a good purpose. She had been watching their movements during the excitement of the evening, and thinking they might be frightened, came with genuine kindness in her heart, "to tell them all about it."

She explained that the drunken man who had passed with the knife in his hand was Ed Banford. He had just been tried for murder, having cut a negro to death in a near-by saloon called "Red Onion." He was saved from the penitentiary or gallows only by the testimony of witnesses who had been trained for weeks by the saloon-keeper to

swear to falsehoods. Mrs. Sharpe said that he was the "bully" of "Hell's Acre" and the meanest man "the devil ever turned loose." Miss Rishnell asked Mrs. Sharpe a number of questions. "Has he a home?" "No, he sleeps in the saloons." "Has he a mother?" "No, they say his mother killed herself because her husband was so mean to her. Why, child, I've hearn 'em tell how he used to beat her till she couldn't walk and the neighbors would carry her things to eat." "How old is Ed Banford, now?" "Oh, I guess he's goin' on to thirty or past, perhaps." "What does he do?" "Do! Bless you, child, I hain't never seen or hearn of him doin' nothin' but git drunk and cuss and fight." "Has he any friends?" "Yes, all the fellers in the gang would fight fer him." "What is the gang?" "Why, a lot of the mean boys that loaf 'round these saloons." "Hasn't Banford any work at all?" "No, they tells me he makes his money by gamblin' and robbin' folks."

Mrs. Sharpe then suddenly changed the subject and began asking questions about the young ladies, —where they were from, why they had come, whether they were married or expected to marry, and a dozen more inquiries. She then left, saying: "If you git in trouble jess holler out the winder and I'll come a-hikin'."

Thus this terrible day at the settlement closed, and was followed by almost a sleepless night for the missionaries. All was so new, so strange, so awful—the scene of the children and the mothers

and the drunken man, and the horrible story of his life. While everything good and pure and lovely seemed to be hundreds of miles away in the sweet village homes they had left.

Next morning they rose early, in time to see the men pass along the streets on their way to work. Later Miss Rishnell found Miss Palmer in her room weeping. She quietly withdrew, struggling to keep the tears from her own eyes. Returning presently she exclaimed in a cheerful voice: "Ellen Palmer, I have made a great discovery!" Forgetting the "blues" for the moment, curious to know Miss Rishnell's discovery, she said: "You have? What is it?" "Why, I have just discovered that the latest and most scientific method of conducting a kindergarten is by water power!" Miss Palmer first looked hurt, then laughed and her first case of "blues" was cured. Later Miss Rishnell further gave courage to her assistant by this declaration: "I have made up my mind to reform that man Banford if I have to bring Gabriel from heaven to do it." "Well," said Miss Palmer, laughing almost through tears, "Gabriel can have my part of the job any day."

In a few days the settlement was a busy place. The first effort was to visit the homes of the people in interest of the kindergarten and industrial school. Miss Rishnell has narrated in articles, letters and in her diary many of her experiences and observations. There is such a reality, freshness and beauty in what she has written that I shall use her

own language as far as possible. In speaking of her early visiting among the poor she wrote:

"As a sort of sesame to the homes, I always carried some papers for the older people and some pictures for the little folk. With these I usually entered into the home, but frequently also got myself into difficulty. At one of the first houses I visited, the mother, a Roman Catholic, received me patronizingly. She said she didn't like book agents and guessed she had 'read all the trashy truck any one might be totin' 'round.' When she was convinced that I was not an agent, though she doubted my statement that I was a friend, she began to catechize me as to what I had read. She was disgusted because I had no knowledge of two dime novels her husband had been reading and pronounced 'bunkum.' 'Well, poor thing,' she sighed in sympathy for my ignorance, 'has yer ever read "Robinson Crusoe"?' 'Yes, indeed!' We had struck common ground at last. Now it was my chance to question. She had never heard of Shakespeare and made fun of his name. 'I wonder if he had the kind of shakes my man had t'other day?' She referred to her husband. She insisted that she read *everything*, and as all the books I mentioned were unknown to her, she at once concluded that I read the wrong kind of 'trash.' In desperation I asked if she read the Bible. No, she had never seen 'one of them books.' I read her a bit of spicy Jewish history—the book of Ruth, paraphrasing and explaining

where it was necessary—and she was greatly interested. 'It sounds like the story of some folks I know in Hell's Acre,' she declared enthusiastically.

"Two or three days later from a corner grocery she called me up over the 'phone and asked me to read her 'somethin' funny from that new book.' As this could not be done an arrangement was made for her to come to the settlement for me to read to her. She came at least once a week for some time, and we read history, some of the parables, and vivid scenes from the life of Christ, out of a big, well illustrated family Bible. She seemed strangely fascinated. She handled the Bible fondly and asked many questions about what such a book would cost. One day our Bible disappeared from its place in the schoolroom, and we wondered what had become of it. Months afterwards Miss Palmer noticed our Bible in Mrs. Ely's home. She seemed to have absolutely no conscience about the theft. The all absorbing thing with her was to possess the coveted book.

"While visiting about two months after the community house had been open, I found living in a little shack an old woman by the name of Mrs. Cork who told me her life story. After the death of her husband she moved her small belongings from the country to the city to seek work for herself and oldest girl. She was a sweet, lovable, Christian character, who in her girlhood had been accustomed to the comforts of life. After living in town four years and getting along fairly well, her

oldest girl, only sixteen years old, married a worthless, shiftless man, who added nothing to the family income. He did not support his wife nor even live at home, maintaining that it was all he could do to support himself and visit them 'occasionally.' It was just after the birth of their third child that I found the family. There was that poor old woman struggling hard but uncomplainingly to support herself, her two little children, her married daughter and three children.

"This is how she did it. She did four washings a week for people in good circumstances who were members of her church and who professed to be trying to help her. She received from these charitably disposed church-members the generous sum of fifty cents for each large washing, which if done at any reputable laundry would have cost at least double that amount.

"During the day while she washed and ironed, her little girl, a frail, delicate child of fourteen, and the boy of ten carried meal and bran sacks from a bag factory for their mother to mend at night. For the mending of these sacks she received only half a cent each, and boasted that she could mend fifty an evening. Think of that poor, heroic soul mending sacks by a globeless kerosene lamp every night with her tired hands either soft and sore from the hot suds or parched and chapped from the hot iron! Think of that ceaseless, dreary grind of toil going on for years without hope of respite! Think of the dingy, paintless walls ever hemming her in

and narrowing her vision, and starving her soul as she longed for the rest of beauty! Think of the chill shadow of want like a black cloud hanging over her and cutting off even the sunshine of God's love from her view, and then do you wonder that she said one day: 'I am just that tired that I hope I'll die to-night'? Death was the only hope for a life that I know God meant should be filled with warmth and sunshine and love. Remember, too, that the man who paid this old woman the miserly half-cent for mending sacks was an official member of a leading church. He is wealthy, very wealthy. He goes to church in an automobile, tipping his hat to his fellow rich. He fumbles his gold-headed cane as he looks at the preacher, perhaps thinking how he may find other unfortunate women to mend bags at half a cent. Great God have mercy still!

"After visiting Mrs. Cork one day, I returned to the settlement to find Mrs. Millburn and her daughter Lillian, who was at that time about ten years of age. Mrs. Millburn was a typical church enthusiast who had come to look in on our work and give the missionaries some free advice. She could talk about nothing but her church, her missionary society, her Sunday-school, her prayer-meeting, or her club. After she had talked a considerable time, I took occasion to tell her of Mrs. Cork, thinking such a case of need would appeal to her. But I was surprised to find that Mrs. Cork's condition was of no interest to her whatever. She

scarcely seemed to understand what I had said, for she went right on talking about her church. The thought flashed into my mind that she was probably one of that class of Christian workers who are more interested in the success of the church than in helping ordinary live folk. So I resolved that I would press her into a visit or two in the community. She readily accepted my invitation and we started out accompanied by Lillian.

"We had not gone far when our attention was attracted by a little girl crying bitterly on the door-step of a near-by house. The little forlorn child was crying in such an unusual manner that I stepped aside to inquire into the trouble. The answer was: 'Ma's sick and pa's runned off and Nora's fitten and I's hungry.' Surely reason enough! So I suggested to Mrs. Millburn that we should investigate the matter at once. She rather reluctantly agreed. We entered the house and found the mother sick, very sick, with typhoid fever, and though she had been in bed for two weeks, had no physician and no medicine. There was little hope of doing any permanent good, but I urged that we should send her immediately to the hospital. Mrs. Millburn seemed utterly helpless, but finally suggested that she might report the case to her missionary society or to her pastor. I asked her to wait with the sick woman till I could go to the corner drug store and telephone to the hospital —a Roman Catholic hospital, too, if you please. Because the Protestants of this great city have been

too busy listening to sermons and going to prayer-meetings and making money and abusing Catholics to do as unchristian a thing as to build a hospital. When I telephoned to Sister Fidelia, she said: 'Yes, dear, send her over. We'll do the best we can for her.' And her voice sounded Christian to me! Soon the ambulance was on the ground and the poor woman was sent away.

"Mrs. Millburn heard me call the name of the Catholic hospital and said: 'Miss Rishnell, don't you think it is wrong to send her to St. ———?' She then explained that she would rather see the woman die than become a Catholic. Poor woman! May God forgive the Catholics for their mistakes and may He have pity on us Protestants for our stupidity!

"When the ambulance was gone I found myself in charge of the three little girls and one of them a 'fitten.' What could be done? I appealed to Mrs. Millburn again for some of her free advice, but unfortunately her supply had been exhausted on imaginary cases, and she could offer no help for the living. A Mrs. Davis lived in the other half of the house, so I asked her to look after the children till I could go to the hospital. She agreed gladly and then asked: 'Is that woman kin to you?' referring to the sick mother. I informed her that we were all alike daughters of Eve and that was kin enough to make us kind to one another. 'Now, ain't that so? That's what I call religin—bein' kind to one another.' I replied by saying: 'Have

you got that kind of religion yourself?' 'Yes, that's mine.' 'Then,' I said, 'keep these children till I come back.' We then started towards the settlement.

"On our way Lillian slipped up close to me and taking my hand held it as we walked along. I had scarcely noticed the girl till then, but there was a touch of need in her grasp. I turned and said: 'Lillian, would you not like to help me do mission work?' She looked up as though I had spoken the name of some dear friend about whom she dared not ask a question. She had a sweet, gentle face and eyes that expressed a great soul-hunger. After saying good-bye to Mrs. Millburn, I stooped over and kissed Lillian. She seemed confused at first and then she looked straight into my eyes and sweetly smiled.

"I hastened over to the hospital, thinking even more of that yearning look of Lillian than of the sick mother. A few days later the mother died, after committing her three girls to my care. The father, who had 'runned off' in a drunken fit of anger, heard of his wife's death and returned. He claimed the custody of the girls, and as the law was on his side, I was powerless, though I knew it meant suffering for the children. The little two-roomed cottage that had been so neatly kept by the mother's tireless efforts was exchanged for a damp basement room. The adjoining rooms were occupied by a man and woman recognized as disreputable characters. The

winter was upon us—a bitter winter too for the South—and the wide-spread suffering prevented my visiting the children as often as I desired.

"Rumors, which could not be traced down, kept coming to me to the effect that 'Nora was goin' to the dogs.' Nora, the girl who was described by the sister as 'fitten,' was a very pretty, weak-minded girl of fourteen. She was subject to such pronounced attacks of sullenness that the neighbors said she had 'fits'—hence the word 'fitten.' To my unutterable horror, I found one day in her room a young man, well dressed, well appearing, unquestionably a young man from some 'good' home. On inquiring later I found he was the son of a leading member of my church and came from one of the 'best' homes in the city. All my questioning gained no satisfactory answer concerning his presence. So Callie, the ten-year-old girl, was taken home with me and from her I got the facts. 'Yes, 'e's ben thar heaps of times,' the child said. 'Pa goes down town, or som'er's, and sends sich nice boys out to see Nora. That's the way Nora makes money and we gits grub to eat.' I felt frozen to the chair. I took the child and went home with her. As it was late, her father was there, and I made Callie relate before him and Nora what she had told me. Nora was silent, but the father insisted that he had a right to make a living any way he could for his 'young 'uns.' That night, before I could procure a warrant of arrest and a police, he took Nora and fled.

"A few weeks later I was even more grieved by a similar experience.

"Carrie Tidwell, one of my club girls, was brought home from the factory very ill. Her aunt with whom she lived sent to the settlement for some medicine. I went at once to see what was the trouble, and found Carrie suffering intensely as if from poisoning. Without saying anything to them of my intentions and knowing the case was urgent, I called my physician. When he arrived Carrie's embarrassment and protest against seeing him were unaccountable. His rapid and accurate examination soon horrified us with the intelligence that the girl was suffering from the effects of an abortion. Little by little we drew from her this dreadful story. The owner of the factory was kind to her; often paying her a little extra because she was an orphan; frequently asking her to his cozy office at the noon hour to water his plants; sometimes substituting his nice lunch for her meagre one. After gaining her confidence and esteem, he robbed her of her virtue. When she told him of her condition, he said he would attend to that and calling a carriage put her in it with a note and a check. The carriage took her to some doctor's office up town where she was given something which made her sleepy. When she came to herself she was sent home, where I soon found her in that distressing condition. She did not know where she had been nor who the doctor was. I wanted a lawyer to take up the case and I asked a member of our

emergency committee to see Mr. John McGregor, a young lawyer who had been recommended to me by a member of our board of directors. He took the matter up and after three weeks of searching for cohesive evidence, advised that we drop the case as the aunt had been hired by the factory owner to testify against the character of Carrie.

"Who was the man? The owner of the factory? One of the wealthiest and most respected men of the city. A man noted for his charity and generosity—but secretly a demon.

"There was to be a wedding in Hell's Acre, not what is known among the poor as a 'slip wedding,' wherein the contracting parties marry secretly,—but a genuine marriage to which we were all invited. I was to go early and help the bride to dress. I slipped into the back room where I expected to find the bride alone, but to my astonishment the groom was sitting in front of the grate, with his back respectfully turned, while Diretha was combing her hair and making her toilet only a few feet from him. He was promptly dismissed to the settlement to get some 'forgotten' article. We then hastened her toilet. Her dress consisted of a nicely laundered shirt-waist, two sizes too large, and a black skirt borrowed from a friend. Her hair was ornamented with some cheap artificial flowers. But when I had tied a piece of soft white ribbon around her neck, in the place of the starched and ironed pink one, and put a lace trimmed handkerchief in her hand, she really looked sweet and

fresh and happy. The other little room of the house, where the ceremony was to be performed, was entirely empty except for several chairs. The crowd that came was an interesting assembly. All who were invited came, and many others, too. While the ceremony was being performed, a little borrowed music box which was being constantly rewound played in screeching, discordant notes 'Home, Sweet Home.' After the 'knot was tied' this little front room had to be used for the supper which was to follow, consequently the bridal couple and all the guests retired to a vacant lot adjoining the house, where a 'bran dance' was held. The most popular girl, that is the one who danced the most, was given a peck of turnip-top salad as a prize. After they had danced till it seemed to me they would drop from exhaustion, they played games. This was one of them: They lined up in couples, then separated in two columns, the girls on one side and the boys on the other, with about six feet between the columns. Then they danced what I would call 'The Virginia Reel' while they sang:

"'There's a bird in the cage at London,
So I've heard them say.
There's a bird in the cage at London,
So I've heard them say.
He is a secret keeper,
So I've heard them say.
He is a secret keeper,
So I've heard them say.

He keeps 'em in his bosom,
So I've heard them say.
He keeps 'em in his bosom,
So I've heard them say.
Swing them London ladies,
So I've heard them say.
Swing them London ladies,
So I've heard them say.'

"At a late hour we had supper. I was seated just opposite the bride and groom. At my left sat a woman who did the talking for the crowd. At one time, when it seemed everybody was listening, she said to me: 'Hain't ye never been married?' 'No,' said I. 'Well, now, I jest tell ye to thank yer lucky stars that ye hain't pestered with no devilish man.' Then noting my confusion she tried to better the situation by saying: 'I tell ye, I'd watch my old man in heaven if he was thar and I was thar too. Still, I hain't got no cause to grumble. Eck has made me a purty good man. Trouble is he eats too much. But I hev nine of as fine children as ye ever set yer eyes on, and I am that thankful that they ain't none of 'em cross-eyed ner foolisher.'

"In my visiting among the poor, my chief interest was in the children; for I knew they would respond to kindness and instruction. I have often been amazed to find how little it takes to make these slum children forget their sorrows. Sometimes only a smile and a kind word will make the whole day seem brighter; for their real griefs and burdens are not those caused by physical privations

and sufferings, great though they may be, but the crushing fear of inhuman treatment, the bitter thirst caused by the impoverishment of soul and mind, the fierce hunger of the heart for love and sympathy.

"This fact was further brought out not long since when, after several months' absence from the settlement, I visited Hell's Acre again. As I started home, having spent the whole morning with the children in the sewing classes, a little girl, who had been patiently waiting outside the door, timidly ventured to ask if she might go with me to the street-car. We walked along in comparative silence, for she seemed perfectly content with holding my hand and pattering along by my side. After waiting a few minutes the car swung round the corner two blocks away, and I said: 'Now, good-bye, Pearl; run back home to mother, for maybe she is wondering what has kept you so long.' The only response was a tightening of the grip on my hand. As the car slowed to stop, and with another good-bye, I tried to extricate my hand from her grasp, she frantically caught my sleeve with her other hand and sighed with a voice of tremulous appeal. 'Kiss me, oh, please kiss me, Miss Annette.' There was no resisting such an appeal. I stooped, and taking the pale pinched face, with all of its grime, between my hands, kissed both cheeks, while a voice within made me say: 'Pearl, I love you, child, God bless you!' As the car sped on towards my home a vision came

to me—a vision like Sir Launfal's, though in the form of the beggar girl, I saw the Child of Bethlehem and His words were—'Behold, I stand at your door and knock.'

"'Oh, my sisters! children small,
Blue-eyed, wailing through the city—
Our own babes cry in them all:
Let us take them into pity.'"

# II

# Life in Hell's Acre

## II

## LIFE IN HELL'S ACRE

ONE of the most important and interesting features of the settlement work was that of the Reading-room Association. It was an organization of young men whose purpose was to afford the means of good reading, amusement and fellowship. Every night from seven to ten o'clock the room was kept open. A strenuous effort was being made to keep the young men in the reading-room where they would be away from the degrading influences of the cheap saloon and theatre. The place became quite popular. Large numbers of young men regularly spent a part or all of the evening there. The place became so attractive that the saloons found their patronage was falling off because many of their customers had become regular members of the association.

Finally some of the saloon-keepers undertook to break up these meetings at the settlement. Miss Rishnell knew nothing of the scheme till one evening when they were in the midst of some interesting games, Ed Banford appeared at the door. For a moment he stood on the threshold as if puzzled to know what to do. Some of the better young men in the room looked nervous, others began laughing, and one boy called out: "Hello,

Bully, this ain't no saloon." These words angered Banford. He walked into the room swearing and threatening to break up the place. In the meantime one of the young men went to Miss Rishnell, who was sitting in the rear of the room and said: "That's Ed Banford. You'd better leave the room." She arose and walked deliberately towards the cursing man. Several boys called out in a subdued voice: "Come back, Miss Rishnell, come back." Banford didn't seem to notice her approach. He was in the act of lifting a chair as if to strike the man who had guyed him at the door, when Miss Rishnell spoke to him in a strong but kind voice: "Good-evening, sir. Isn't this Mr. Banford?" For a moment the man didn't say a word; he scarcely moved. As he made no response to her question, she continued: "I heard of you some time ago and was hoping that you would come to our reading-room. Won't you have a seat? We are playing some games that you may like." Banford slowly and sullenly sat down in the chair that he held. Before he was even well in the chair Miss Rishnell called out to the boys to choose their partners for a game. While they were doing so, she asked Banford what game he liked to play. He replied grimly: "Euchre." "All right," she said without a moment's hesitation, "we'll have a game of euchre. Have you any cards?" With an oath he drew from his pocket a well-worn deck and threw them on the table. She called to two young men in the room to join her and Banford in

the game. They gathered round the table, she and Banford being partners. As they were ready to begin, Banford insisted with an oath that he would not play unless stakes were put up. "What!" said Miss Rishnell, "you don't gamble, do you, Mr. Banford? Why, it is wrong to gamble!" He looked up as if amazed and for a moment wore a thoughtful look, and then said with a strained smile, "Yes, sometimes." "Well, it's wrong and you ought not to gamble," came the words with a ringing emphasis that made the thing seem ten times more wrong.

The game proceeded. Miss Rishnell did her best to make it interesting. She observed later that the other men in the room were not playing much but were talking in groups and watching their game of cards. She wondered what the outcome would be; for she had forbidden the men playing cards in the reading-room. She had actually burnt up several decks that had been brought into the room secretly by boys who wanted to play on the sly. Now she herself was playing euchre; the very game above all others that she had condemned! She wondered if they would understand her object or whether they would distrust her; but she knew there could be no hesitation on her part. The battle was on and she was determined to save the meanest man in Hell's Acre. The game went merrily on until ten o'clock, when Miss Rishnell announced that it was time to close the reading-room. She insisted that all should

come back the next evening and invited Banford to join the association. He promised to think about it and then they all filed out.

Miss Rishnell locked the door and hastened upstairs to tell Miss Palmer what had happened. "Ellen, am I gray?" Ellen looked up in surprise. "I've lived ten years in two hours to-night. I have been playing *euchre* with Ed Banford!" Ellen jumped to her feet. "Good heavens, Annette, you don't mean it!" After Miss Rishnell had told the whole story Ellen was satisfied, but insisted that they should take extra precautions to see that the doors and windows were securely locked that night.

On one late winter afternoon about two weeks after the Banford episode the following incident occurred as reported by Miss Rishnell:

"It was a cold, wet, winter afternoon. The mother's meeting had been dismissed and a committee of young women was seated in our warm library discussing plans for furnishing a new club room, when there was borne to our ears a pathetic wail of distress. A peep from the window into the gathering darkness did not discover any one, and made me feel comfortable enough to sit down and resume the pleasant conversation. But again the cry came up to our ears, a cry in a thin, childish treble, so near, so pitiful as to leave no excuse for further delay.

"Therefore my unwilling weary feet trudged down the dark steps through the long, cold schoolroom to the front door. And there, cud-

dling in the shelter of the doorway, was fragile, six-year-old Addie Dunn, a picture of abject poverty and misery. She was bareheaded, and the rain that saturated her tangled hair was making furrows down her dirty face. Her meagre clothing, a waistless skirt and sleeveless apron, was also saturated. Her sore bare feet were red with cold. As the door opened she crept in, saying: 'Is ye dot a bottle ?' In her benumbed hands she held the pieces of a broken bottle which she said she had been 'totin' to Aunt Emmer's to git some coal oil, and dropped and broke.' Nothing but the promise of a new bottle would stop the crying, because the going home without bottle and oil would have brought down upon her such a tirade of cursing and such a sound thrashing that she trembled at the prospect. Poor, unfortunate, little illegitimate, brought here without any choice as to where and when, and how, and now made to suffer the wrath of an inhuman mother's spite! I knew her mother well, and perhaps for that very reason, though with considerable revulsion physically, I took Addie to a warm room, bathed her and dressed her in some clean, dry clothes, pinned a little mackintosh cape around her frail shoulders, and a bit of warm shawl over her head, placed some picture cards in one hand and a new bottle in the other, and sent her on her errand radiantly happy. As I turned and walked back to my room, my heart was filled with an indescribable peace and joy. I thanked God and began singing a hymn of praise;

for it seemed I could all but hear the music of heaven.

"One afternoon, while standing at the door, I saw Banford coming down the street. As he seemed to be sober, I decided to wait at the door to speak to him. When I asked him why he did not return to the reading-room he seemed pleased and said that he would come some time."

A few nights after this invitation, he came. He entered the room so quietly that he was scarcely observed till he was seated. His face had a touch of excitement, not the flush of anger, but the look of fear or sadness. The men looked at him with evident misgivings. They cast expressive looks and smiles at each other as much as to say: "We are in for a rough house to-night, boys." They were thinking of the cruel, cursing man that they had known in the saloon. He was the same man; but now more like the cowed murderer in the prison cell than the defiant highwayman.

Miss Rishnell was not in the room when Banford entered. Usually the boys came early and amused themselves till she could come down. They not only felt their dependence on her to direct their exercises, but she was always the centre of interest and attraction. Whatever might be the game, or however busy or noisy the conversation and laughing, there was a hush of respect almost to the point of reverence whenever she entered the room. She was unusually late coming down this evening. A large company of men were present. The door had

scarcely opened till every face was turned and each hastened to say: "Good-evening, Miss Rishnell!" or "Good-evening, Miss Annette!" She bowed and smiled kindly as she spoke. There always seemed to be a peculiar charm about her movements. She had the art of expressing in her acts and looks the strength and sweetness of her inner life; so that it was a delight just to see her walk across the room or stand on the platform to sing or speak.

But added to her natural beauty and charm she seemed to have this evening a new element of interest. It was an indefinable something that kept one seeking for the secret. She wore a plain black skirt and black silk pongee waist with white cuffs and a broad white collar that lay in soft, fluffy folds over her shoulders. In her light brown hair were two snowy white carnations. What was the secret of her new subtle power? Was it her beauty or was it something specially striking in her costume? Not that, for while these pleased, they made almost an unconscious impression compared with something spiritual. There was a hallowed influence that threw a spell over every one and made the place seem sacred because of her presence.

She moved about the room shaking hands till she came to Banford. Whether he too was inspired to honor her or whether he simply followed the example of the others, he arose when she approached. She shook hands and spoke with the grace and dignity of a very queen, and then sat down, talking

to him interestedly. As she sat there conversing with that vulgar, profane, drunken criminal with his soiled clothes, uncombed hair and sin-blighted soul, the scene was like a consultation between the envoys of heaven and hell. There was a rifle aim purposefulness and even prayerful expression in her appearance, while he seemed nervous, excited and troubled. Now and then he smiled as if through a great grief. This conversation continued quite a while. Then Miss Rishnell excused herself and gave attention to directing the games.

All was moving pleasantly when suddenly Mrs. Sharpe entered the room in great excitement and made a "bee line" for Miss Rishnell. She whispered in her ear that Ed Banford was in the room and that she ought to send for a police for fear he might do some harm. She also came fearing that her son, Caxton, who was in the room, might become involved in a difficulty with Banford. Miss Rishnell asked Mrs. Sharpe to wait a few minutes since it would soon be time to close the room. She went to the piano, asking all present to join her in singing "The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere."

During the singing, Mrs. Sharpe stood close to Miss Rishnell at the piano as if to guard her from some suspected danger. When the song ended, the signal was given for the reading-room to be closed. As Miss Rishnell walked to the door and shook hands with some strangers and Banford as they passed out, Mrs. Sharpe appeared to be amazed.

The door was closed and Miss Rishnell turned to

speak to Mrs. Sharpe who was standing in the room waiting in evident distress of mind. The door had scarcely closed when Mrs. Sharpe cried out: "Lan' sakes, child," addressing Miss Rishnell, "ain't you skeered of that man?" "What man?" replied Miss Rishnell. "Why, that man Banford. He's the man I told you about. He is the man that went by here drunk, slingin' the big knife. Don't you know I told you about him? Why, that man's so crooked he could hide behind a cork-screw. I sometimes believe he's the Old Nick himself." Miss Rishnell replied: "Mrs. Sharpe, I recall your visit. I remember what you said about Banford, and I resolved then that I would do my utmost to turn him from his sinful life to become a Christian. I have been praying for him every day since. Before I came to the reading-room this evening, I heard that he was down here. So I lingered in prayer that God might baptize me with His pity and love for the sinful and that I might be enabled to make Banford feel the reality of the Christian spirit in my life. I have determined to lead him to become a Christian if it is the last thing I ever do."

Mrs. Sharpe exclaimed: "Lawsy mercy, child! Why don't you try to convert the devil? You could turn hell into a camp-meetin' before that man gits religin!" "Well, Mrs. Sharpe, do you believe in prayer?" asked Miss Rishnell. "Do you really believe God answers prayer?" There was some hesitation, then she replied emphatically: "That I do, child. Before Caxton was born I

prayed the Lord that he might not be another gal. 'Cause we had our hearts on havin' a change. All our seven kids was gals. So when I saw another was a-comin' I just prayed and prayed to the good Lord to hold up on gals and He did. And Caxton is that boy." Here Miss Rishnell interrupted to say: "Well, Mrs. Sharpe, I want you to help me pray that Banford will become a Christian. Won't you?" With a promise from Mrs. Sharpe they bade each other good-night.

Mrs. Sharpe ran across the street to her home, eager to tell her husband what had happened. He had a great admiration for Miss Rishnell and was very credulous. When Mrs. Sharpe told him about Miss Rishnell's earnest prayers for Banford and of her determination to work for his conversion, he felt sure something akin to the miraculous was about to take place. The next evening he made it a point to search for Banford in order that he might tell him of Miss Rishnell's intercessions. He seemed to think that he was somewhat in the position of one who had been told the secret of a prophecy even before it was proclaimed to the public. He searched high and low but failed to locate Banford. Mr. Sharpe kept on the lookout and about a week later saw Banford standing in front of a saloon and went to him at once as if he had some important business engagement. Calling him aside, he told of Miss Rishnell's prayers for him and of her determination to lead him to become a Christian. The man burst out into a forced laugh,

almost hysterical. At the close of the conversation Mr. Sharpe made a very emphatic appeal in these words: "Banford, remember that woman is prayin' fer you, and you had better git in shape, 'cause God's on your trail." With this he left him and walked on down the street, wondering what would be the effect of his first effort at personal work. For several nights Mr. Sharpe was the first at the reading-room, evidently expecting Banford.

A week passed, two weeks, and two months, but Banford was not seen nor even heard of by the members of the Reading-room Association.

Everybody seemed interested to know what had become of him. Some one reported that he had gone to Memphis to take a job in a factory. Others laughed at the idea, for he had never been known to work. It was generally agreed in the association that wherever he might be he was certainly not looking for work. Another conjecture was that the relatives of the negro whom he killed had threatened to shoot him and consequently he had left the city. After he had been gone for some time, the people of the community actually seemed to breathe easier because this terrible man was no longer seen on the streets.

Banford's education was in the school of the street. By inheritance as well as by training, he was a criminal. Unfortunately, too, public sentiment is all opposed to the proper development of the boys of the slum. The odds are all against them and always against them.

Banford is simply a type of thousands of slum boys who are the victims of a prejudiced public. People seem to assume that a boy is mean simply because he lives in a slum. They do not expect to find anything good in him, so his whole life is soon bent by that general expectation. The tendency of parents, of teachers, of police officers, and even of strangers is to misconstrue the motives and the actions of the street urchins. They forget that these children have not yet learned the difference between a fact and a fancy. They call the slum boy a liar because of his imagination, or a thief because of his effort at self-preservation. How can a slum child know correct standards of morality? His whole life is weighted down with a vicious inheritance, his moral sense is blighted, and the very air he breathes is so poisonous that he grows inevitably to be a criminal.

Sometimes a boy's best efforts at courtesy, and service, and even personal sacrifice are but a miserable failure in the eyes of an adult, but he should at least be praised for the effort. Society has somehow grown into the pernicious way of thinking that a boy is a necessary evil till he has safely passed the period of adolescence. But the fact is that during these years more than at any other period of his life the good impulses are struggling for supremacy. Those who are hoping and working for the establishment of juvenile criminal courts realize that our laws in their present administration too often simply take knowledge of the overt act, and

not of the motive; consequently, grave errors are often made in the arrest, detention and condemnation of juvenile offenders.

The following very graphic illustration of the facts set forth in the preceding paragraph is told by Miss Rishnell:

"The manager of the Boys' Department of the Young Men's Christian Association sent an invitation to our boys of the night school to spend an evening with them. Seventeen of the crudest, but not the most ungovernable, of our boys responded and I accompanied them. The personnel of the group included the following—Sheepie, the washed-out blond; Dinkey, the undersized fellow; Sparrow, the brown-eyed pest; Bully, the overbearing boy; Christian, the long-faced, quiet lad; Fizz, the soda-pop drinker; Hunk, the inveterate chewer; Pap, the bossie fellow; Toddles, a bow-legged chap; Piddlety, the idler, and Squint, the cross-eyed boy. A most enjoyable evening had been planned for the boys, with games, the phonograph, the privileges of the gymnasium and the swimming pool. The festivities were closed with a bountiful supper, at which the boys revealed their ignorance and lack of training by eating the fruit first, by insisting on knowing the ingredients of a nut salad before they would taste it, and by obstinately refusing to eat the chicken pie till 'dessert time.' We started home at eleven o'clock. It was a raw winter night and our district was fully twenty-five blocks away. Still, as only three or four fellows had the necessary car-

fare, gang like, they all determined to 'foot it,' and asked to be arranged in an orderly rank with a captain, and allowed to march soldier fashion. When they were safely off with promises of good behavior, I took a car and hurried to the settlement. I had been there but about twenty minutes when there was a vicious pull at the bell and an excited voice called me again and again.

"Hastily going down, I found Alex Britt, the big sixteen-year-old boy who had been appointed captain of the group, standing there trembling in excitement. The puzzled look on my face brought forth the explanation of his call. 'Most of the boys is done been 'rested.' 'What for?' was my anxious inquiry. And he went on to say—'Fer nuthin', just nuthin' 'tall. We were marchin' 'long Front Street sayin' hep-hep-hep, when a cop who had nuthin' else to do come up and said, "What devilment are yer up to now? I'm goin' to 'rest the last hide of yer." Some of the boys got so skeert they begun runnin'. I told the perlice we had been to a party at the Y. M. C. A. and he said, "The devil yer have!" and caught hold of Sheepie. Then I run, and all the rest run, but he caught some of the fellers.'

"What a spell of weather! Alex was dismissed with instructions to hasten home, and I went to the 'phone, called up police headquarters and found, sure enough, that five of the hapless boys had just been brought in with no other charge than that they were marching along the street at such

a late hour, appearing to be up to some mischief, and could give no better account of their whereabouts than that they had been to the Y. M. C. A. My explanation, given to the sergeant, with reference to the Y. M. C. A. for confirmation, secured the release of the boys. The next night the boys expressed very fully and freely their indignation at not being believed, and vowed to get even with that policeman some way. Their conversation also brought out the fact that they believed the police, called 'Chiggers' or 'Dominickers,' were paid so much for every arrest made, and that their whole business was to apprehend the unwary.

"That was a case in which a juvenile criminal court would have stood for the protection and vindication of boys misapprehended. The following incident reveals the need of such a tribunal for the conviction and punishment of a child who was really a criminal of an advanced type.

"Sally was a girl of only twelve years, of whom reports came to me again and again 'that she was going plum to the bad.' Finally the grandmother and an uncle came to me asking that she be sent to the reform school; for she had run away from home and was then staying with people of very disreputable character. The child was visited several times in the hope of getting her to return home. The man who was boarding her said one day: 'If you 'uns don't quit gravitating (aggravating) this gal, we 'uns 'ill make it hard fer yer.' A day or so later, when I called to use my persuasive powers,

he told me to leave in the following way: ''Nuff has ben sed. Sally hain't a-goin' with yer as long as I can he'p it. You'd better take ter the hole the carpenter left' (pointing to the door). There was that in his voice that made me leave. So as a last resort, the aunt issued a warrant of arrest, and after several days' search, Sally was found and brought by a policeman to the settlement to be carried to the reformatory.

"That was in November. In a short time Sally's father came and demanded that she be dismissed from the school to keep house for him. She came, stayed with him three weeks and ran away again, this time with a vicious boy to a low boarding-house. There I visited her, and with much persuasion got her to come to live with us to answer bells, 'phone, etc., for her board and clothing. Sally was put on her honor, began some studies and music lessons, became more gentle and pleasing in manner, and seemed to be satisfied and doing nicely.

"During Christmas week while we were engaged in some decorating in the club rooms, Sally was sent to my room to bring the scissors from the dresser drawer. She returned in a few moments, looking excited, and stated that the house had been burglarized. An investigation showed that every drawer of dresser, stand and wardrobe and table, not only in my room but also in the other rooms, had been gone through, yet nothing was missing but $15.25 from what I had considered a very secret

place in my dresser drawer. The news spread and a detective arrived shortly. He took in the situation at once and wanted to search Sally and a boy who was doing some painting in the schoolroom. This, to his amusement, I indignantly refused to have done, saying that they were to me as children, and I would protect their honor in the community by not even subjecting them to a false suspicion. However, at his earnest solicitation, I agreed to keep a 'close eye' on Sally for several days. During nearly two weeks the matter was frequently discussed in her presence, but only once did we detect any nervousness on her part. Then she was discovered one morning going through a private drawer, and at the same time some more money was missing.

"My suspicions were for the first time aroused, and I questioned her very carefully and dealt very firmly with her. The whole matter was made known to the grandmother, uncle, and aunt, whose vigilance was requested to help in either clearing or apprehending Sally. At the end of another week the grandmother came and with tears of shame told me that she had learned the whole disgraceful story, how that Sally had not only stolen the money but was then planning to run away again with that dreadful boy and marry. Indeed, for that very purpose had she stolen the money. Her appeal to me to prevent the second trouble by having Sally dealt with for the criminal offense was very pathetic. What was to be done?

Sally was only fourteen years old, but truly educated in crime. A talk with her in the hope of getting a confession only brought forth a shower of curses upon myself and the grandmother, and made her leave that night for the former disreputable house. The next morning the city attorney, the judge of the city court, and the judge of the county court were consulted. Their advice was that I suffer Sally to be arrested, get her confession, let the city court turn the case over to the criminal court, then, as she was a minor, withdraw charges on the basis that the criminal court place her in the hands of the county judge to be sent again to the reformatory. With considerable reluctance, I agreed to pursue this course; for it seemed to be the only hope of saving the child.

"Sally was arrested and carried to the workhouse where she refused to talk, except to abuse every one in sight and deny the charges. So it was necessary to keep her there over night, a thing she thought I would not allow to be done: and it was a hard thing for me to permit; one for which I was condemned as 'having not one spark of Christianity.' A committee of women from a certain church, led by Mrs. Millburn, even went so far as to wait upon me and ask me to release the child, on condition that they would collect and refund the money she had stolen. They made quite a stir, and 'wrote me up' for the paper that evening. Well, Sally made her confession that night at about ten-thirty, when she thought that we really meant to let the

law take its course. Her case was called first next morning in the city court. I was with her about an hour before time and accompanied her to the court room. Arrangements had all been made, and in five minutes she was sent to the criminal court, where, after all charges were withdrawn, she was made the ward of the county and sentenced to the reformatory.

"While we were waiting for the necessary legal documents to be prepared, and for a carriage to take us to the school, this same committee of zealous women appeared, and finding that she was really guilty, Mrs. Millburn simperingly asked her why she stole the money. Her reply was such that it fully satisfied the committee and further awakened their sympathy, but it revealed to me a depth of depravity to which I could scarcely have believed she had fallen. She said she was needing clothes, particularly shoes, and she was having to miss Sunday-school for the lack of them. That was the middle of January, and for Christmas she had gotten from members of our household shoes, a dress, fascinator, gloves and hose.

"Again, the misguided, conceited, and overzealous church committee were undoing all that the court and I were trying so hard to accomplish. Here was a criminal who had betrayed confidence, abused sympathy, and manifested the most obdurate temper. We were striving to save the girl from a life of crime by making real to her the power and sacredness of law and by bringing her

to realize the heinousness of her sins. On the other hand the would-be church reformers, who knew less about the science of criminology than the girl herself, were by their tears and expressions of condolence making the girl feel that she was not a criminal at all, but that I and the court were criminal in thus abusing a 'little helpless girl.' It requires more than water and sand to build a house, and more than tears and pity to build character.

"Sally remained at the school about fifteen months, then escaped and married the partner of her crime. Now, at the age of seventeen, she is anxiously and rebelliously looking forward to the birth of her second child. Her husband has been brutal and unkind to her, and left her twice in great distress and poverty.

"Do you wonder how a girl so young could have become so mature in crime? If you were only familiar with the daily, hourly educative forces that are being exerted in these human warrens of the congested blocks and overcrowded wards, where the greatest hero is the fellow who can commit the blackest crime and escape the law, you would not be so surprised. For example, a bright little girl of seven came to the class one morning with a black eye and bruised face and made this quaint explanation: 'I ist had a fight with Katie and she whupped me. Katie lives next door. She is ist my size. I low to kill her next time. . . . We usted to fight ev'ry week, but we is a-gittin' better now, 'cause we most usual fights ist wunst a month.' If

you had heard that, you would then have some idea of how short the path is from innocent childhood to bitter hatred, vengeance, theft and murder.

"When one is battling against such an array of evil factors in a life, he is often led to ask,—'How is it possible that any life begotten in the image of God can descend to such depths as to be scarcely one remove from brute creation?' The answer, if one is to be found, has to be sought in the working forces that surround that life at its beginning. These often cannot well be determined, and so one has to grope on, working against heavy odds, against the unknown forces of heredity and environment. Still, as one is constantly dealing with the factors that influence character in the lives that are just beginning life's struggle, one can estimate what the influence of the parent must have been, and will then be more lenient in his judgment and more tender in his dealings.

"Think, for instance, what will be the future of the lives, the finished product of the character begun as these examples indicate. Then remember that thousands of lives of our American poor are beginning with just such a heritage of sin and environment.

"Mrs. Territt was the mother of three small children and looking forward to the birth of a fourth in six months, when Mr. Territt died. His death left her not only as the sole support of her children, but also to provide for an aged, blind father and an eight-year-old brother. She began work in a cotton

mill, leaving the children with her father, or running wild on the streets. Her work continued until the very day of the birth of her fourth child when she was carried to the hospital. During the ten days of her confinement there, she unburdened her heart to me as her friend. How could she work now? There was no one with whom she could leave her little ones. With tears in her eyes and at the same time clasping the babe close to her throbbing heart, she had asked—'Must I give my darling away, so that I can go to work and feed the others?' I had let her determine what she could best do, and her decision had been to send the baby to the Children's Home without so much as a name.

"She loved her baby. It was like tearing her heart out to give it away, but she felt sure that that was the only way to save its life.

"One day, just as I was getting ready to visit Mrs. Territt at the hospital, in order to get her child and place it in the Children's Home, Mrs. Millburn and Lillian drove up to the settlement door. After we had exchanged a few words, she observed that I was on the point of leaving the settlement when they arrived. 'Were you not starting somewhere?' she asked. I replied that I had started to the hospital to get a little baby to take to the Children's Home. She insisted that I should get in her carriage and let her go with me. As I stepped into the carriage, Lillian looked pleased and I could not resist the temptation to kiss her cheek.

"Before reaching the hospital, I turned from my conversation with Mrs. Millburn, who had been telling me about her missionary meeting, and asked Lillian why she didn't come to see me. She seemed very glad at the suggestion. Her mother made no response, but rather appeared slightly irritated that I had interrupted her narration of the missionary meeting to do such an insignificant thing as to show some attention to her daughter. When we got to the hospital, Mrs. Millburn spoke to Lillian, almost as she would have addressed a servant. 'Lillian, you stay here; girls like you have no business in a hospital.' Lillian quietly stepped back into the carriage, without saying a word, but her face looked pained and disappointed.

"When we entered the ward Mrs. Territt, knowing the object of my visit, drew her child to her heart. As we approached the bed she began to look fierce. I almost felt afraid of her; for as she caressed the little head, pillowed, as she thought, for the last time, on her breast, there seemed to be sweeping over her the bitterest feelings of resentment. She began cursing humanity for the selfish greed that had robbed her of all but a mere subsistence. She cursed God like a maniac. Just here Mrs. Millburn broke in by saying: 'My dear woman, you mustn't swear. Don't you know it's wrong to swear? You need to pray.' She looked up without saying a word for some moments, stroking the child lovingly all the while, and then, looking down at her baby, she started off in a

soliloquy. 'Dearie, ma can't help it. Ma would keep you if she could. Oh, it'll kill your ma yet. D—— it, how can I let you go?' Then she kissed the little forehead and turning her face up stared for a moment at us, and began swearing again.

"Before I could speak, Mrs. Millburn leaned over and said: 'Don't you want us to pray for you?' 'Pray for me?' she shouted. 'What have I done? You must be one of them ——— church-members. Say, you look powerful dressed up and good. How'd you feel layin' down here in my fix? I'm here and can't work and down home are three young 'uns and my pa, and he's blind. I worked hard to git grub fer 'em. But now I'm here and they're hungry and I know it.' Mrs. Millburn spoke up again: 'That's all true, and you ought to carry your burdens to the Lord.' Mrs. Territt started to speak and then hesitating slightly said: 'Don't the Lord know more than I can tell Him? Guess He don't care fer a poor woman like me, neither.' 'Yes, He does care,' replied Mrs. Millburn, 'Jesus is here now and wants to help you and He will forgive your sins and bless you if you will only pray.' Mrs. Territt looked angry. 'Sins? D—— it! It ain't sins that's worryin' me; it's hungry kids and I can't work fer grub.'

"Up to this time I had felt helpless and so let the conversation drift. Then I drew up a chair and addressed myself to Mrs. Territt as gently as possible: 'That is all right, Mrs. Territt. I got

breakfast for the children this morning and they are playing down at the settlement now and your father is sitting in a rocker on the porch; he is all right. I am going to be a mother to your children till you can come home.'

"Her face lighted up slightly, then an expression of deep thought, as she began speaking quietly: 'And you got breakfast fer 'em? And you took pa a rocker? Well, I thought maybe you would look after 'em. You hain't got no children, have you?' 'No,' I replied, 'but I'll be a mother to your children while you are here.' She looked straight into my eyes as if she had suddenly discovered something and her eyes began to swim in tears. 'Why are you so kind to us?' she said, with her chin quivering. 'Because I love you!' I replied. She extended her hand nervously to me as the tears coursed down her cheeks, and reaching over the head of her baby with the other hand held her face sobbing. I tried to comfort her by saying: 'Mrs. Territt, don't cry this way. I'll do what I can for you.' She wept all the more. Then as she continued to sob, Mrs. Millburn leaned over and spoke to me in an undertone: 'Shouldn't we pray for her anyway?' I said nothing, but simply shook my head.

"In a few moments Mrs. Territt reached over and taking hold of the corner of the sheet wiped her eyes slowly and deliberately. Her face appeared calm and refreshed as she looked down at her baby, gently stroking its tiny head. 'Miss

Rishnell, I guess you don't understand,' she said. 'I didn't know anybody loved me or cared fer me. It hurts me to think you are so kind to me and I'm so bad. Do you think ——' But she did not finish the sentence. Knowing that it was not the time to take the child, I said: 'Mrs. Territt, I'm not going to take the baby to-day; you keep it here and I'll care for your home and come back to-morrow.'

"The next evening when I called for the baby the struggle was over. The mother's sacrifice was complete even though she had expressed the hope before that her child 'might live to make trouble fer them as is rich.' We started to say good-bye but she held my hand and looked at me as if she had forgotten something that she was trying to recall and in a moment spoke scarcely above a whisper: 'Won't you pray for me, Miss Rishnell? You know how I feel.'

"As I knelt there I tried to pray so as to lead her to believe in the love of God, that all my efforts in her behalf were made because my life had been baptized with the love of Christ. As we then said good-bye, she sweetly smiled and said: 'I am glad you prayed, Miss Rishnell; you make me want to be good.' As we walked away she called, 'Don't git skeert if Buddie has a spell.'

"By previous arrangement Mrs. Millburn and Lillian met me at the hospital with their carriage. We took the baby and started to the nursery. On the way Lillian insisted on holding it in her arms. Then she began to beg her mother to let

her take the baby home with her. Mrs. Millburn seemed not to understand Lillian's feelings at all, but answered her pleadings with a scolding. On reaching the Children's Home, Lillian was reluctant to give up the child. She appeared to be comforted, however, by my asking her to come out to the settlement and help me take care of the other children.

"Only a few months after dealing with the case above, there occurred in our immediate vicinity two shocking cases of infanticide—one was pre-natal murder, and the other the deliberate destruction of an unwelcome little one by casting it into the high weeds by the railroad. During the same week, a policeman on a neighboring beat found one night a pitiful babe of about four months lying in a basket in an alley, starved, emaciated, almost naked and heavily drugged with an opiate. It, also, was carried to the hospital, and after weeks of medical attention and careful nursing was seemingly restored to health and sent to the Children's Home. All it had to carry with it into the new home, where it must necessarily lose its identity in the crowd and live without the knowledge of parental love,—the millstone around its neck,—those inherited tendencies to vice and crime. Let us not conjecture what its future may be.

"In delineating instances that portray the silent but potent factors in character-making, here is one that seems to sum up all theories into one concrete example.

"Julia, the daughter of a very poor, illiterate woman, and the granddaughter of a woman who, according to her own statement, had 'not lived a bee-line life,' was married at the age of fourteen years and eight months to a coarse, gruff, illiterate and intemperate man six years her senior. Before they were married quite seven months a boy was born, and Julia went into a rapid decline of health. Her grandmother, familiarly known all over the district as 'Granny Cassity,' was brought in to care for the sick mother and keep house, and then what time she had over, to look after little Billy. In four months Julia was much improved but Billy seemed to be growing smaller, more weazened and stupid every day. I had serious doubts about his being fed enough. So one day in a final effort to ascertain the cause of his decline, the truth was wrung from Julia,—'He was bothersome and fretful and Granny didn't like to care fer him, so she has been givin' him dope.' The old lady was called to the room and questioned and this was her answer: 'Well, now, land sakes! I don't give him much.' Then taking from the old shawl around her shoulders a pin with a head an eighth of an inch in diameter and thrusting it into her mouth, she continued to say, 'I just wet the pin and put the head in my dope box, and give him the bit that sticks to it.' A doctor was called, and Billy's case, which was now serious, was carefully dealt with for weeks. As a moral consciousness could not be awakened in Granny, we had to appeal to the power

of law to prevent her dosing him again. Billy is over two years old now, is no larger than a child nine months old, can neither walk nor talk, is very stupid at times, and very ungovernable at others, and in every way bids fair to produce a fine specimen of the stunted, squalid, criminal growth of a city's slum where the surroundings all tend to blight and shrivel the soul."

# III

# Reality Winning the Worst

## III

## REALITY WINNING THE WORST

ONE evening, late in September, while the reading-room was well filled with men engaged in playing games and reading, the sound of a pistol shot near by caused every man to break for the door. During this scramble several other shots were heard in rapid succession. In an instant two policemen dashed by the door running in the direction of the shooting. Soon the room was empty but for Miss Rishnell, Miss Palmer and a few invited friends from up town. They chatted along, wondering what might be the trouble. Presently a crowd was heard approaching. As Miss Rishnell stepped to the door the policemen passed holding between them a handcuffed man—Banford.

It was later learned that he was on his way to the reading-room when he got into a fight with some negro men, one of whom he shot, making a flesh wound in his shoulder. The next day this negro was found and also arrested. It turned out that he was the brother of the boy whom Banford had cut to death more than a year before. Banford was tried and fined fifty dollars for assault with intent to commit murder. He had no money and

he had no friend in the wide world; so he was sent to prison.

Miss Rishnell watched the case with very keen interest. When she heard that Banford had been sent to jail to work out his fine in the chain gang, she called Miss Palmer to her room. They discussed the matter and then prayed together. Miss Rishnell had the habit of doing after she prayed what she felt was her duty while she prayed, regardless of cost or consequences. So she arose from the prayer and went to the telephone and made an engagement to see John McGregor. She hastened down to his office, passing the bank on her way, where she got a check cashed for fifty dollars. She went to this lawyer and asked him to go as her representative and pay the fine for Banford and ask him to come to the settlement. He hesitated for a while, questioning the propriety of her act. He then offered to pay the fine himself, but Miss Rishnell insisted that her plan should be carried out. He then wanted to know about the settlement, and inquired into its methods of work.

As he seemed so very interested, Miss Rishnell invited him to visit the settlement reading-room, which he promised to do. He assured her that he would go at once and secure Banford's release. She returned in haste to the settlement and reported to Miss Palmer what she had done. Miss Palmer was greatly excited and threatened to leave the place if Banford was coming. Then she

demanded that they call in a policeman for protection. Miss Rishnell suggested that they telephone the Methodist preacher who was boarding near to come down and sit in the adjoining room till Banford had left. They also sent for Mrs. Sharpe. She pleaded for Miss Rishnell to notify the firemen's hall of what was going on and ask that a policeman should at least keep in calling distance of the settlement if Banford came. The policeman was instructed and soon the preacher came. He proceeded to condemn the whole effort as outrageous and said it would be worse than scandalous to allow Banford to call under any circumstances.

Miss Rishnell explained more fully and urged him to let Banford come, especially since she had already invited him through the lawyer. He reluctantly consented, but insisted that a grave mistake had been made. He claimed that the man ought to go on and work out his fine, that he ought to be put in the penitentiary and kept there. He even went so far as to say that he was not sure but that the man ought to be hanged. When he made this statement Miss Rishnell's face grew more serious than ever, and then with a mingled look of grief and pity and prayer she asked a question that in itself reveals the secret of her beautiful character. She said: "Brother Booker, do you believe the Saviour wants that man hanged? Don't you think Jesus would be kind to him?" Fortunately Mr. Booker was relieved of the necessity of answering this question by the ringing of the telephone.

After answering the call, Miss Rishnell made the request that she be allowed to meet Banford at the door alone and take him up to the library which also served as a drawing-room. She asked that Miss Palmer wait in the library and that Mr. Booker and Mrs. Sharpe sit in the adjoining room with the side door open. With this arrangement Banford would observe on passing through the hall that other persons were in the building and yet the library would be sufficiently private for him to speak without reserve. They had to wait quite a while and Mr. Booker had become impatient, and even suggested that Banford was probably then in some saloon with no thought of coming and with no gratitude for Miss Rishnell's kindness in paying his fine. He was on the point of leaving when the door-bell rang. Miss Palmer clasped her hands and exclaimed: "Oh, mercy! I believe I'll have to scream!" Miss Rishnell went down to the door, while the rest waited in great anxiety. On opening the door, however, she was surprised to see, not Banford, but a policeman. He hastened to ask if it was true that Banford was expected there. Miss Rishnell said she was expecting him any moment. Thereupon he insisted that he had better stay; for Banford was such a terrible character, it would not be safe for the ladies to be in the building alone. Mrs. Sharpe had been looking out the window above and listening to this statement of the policeman. No sooner had he offered his services than Mrs. Sharpe called out: "That's what I

say, Miss Rishnell. We'll need the cop here. I 'spect we'll need the amberlance, too." Miss Rishnell called up assuring her that all would turn out well. She then urged the policeman to leave the settlement but to wait in a drug store on the next corner in case he might be needed.

When Miss Rishnell returned and told of her instructions to the policeman, Mrs. Sharpe arose and said: "Golly, I'm that skeered, I wish my man was here. I feel like I was settin' up at my own funeral." Mr. Booker laughed at their excitement, saying that Banford had his fine paid and they would never see him at the settlement any more. He then turned to Miss Rishnell and proceeded to give a lecture, saying that she had no right to allow such a man to even come to the settlement, that he was not fit for decent people to associate with and that if she was not more discreet she would break up the institution. While he was still condemning her efforts in behalf of Banford, the door-bell rang. Mrs. Sharpe sprang to the window and looked down. "Darned if he ain't there!" she exclaimed in a half whisper. Miss Rishnell asked that her plans be carried out and then went to the door. She smiled as she shook his hand and said: "Mr. Banford, how are you to-day? I am glad to see you. Come in." He hesitated and then stepped back. "No!" he said in a tremulous voice, "I ain't fit. I just wanted to tell you ——" Miss Rishnell interrupted him by saying, "Oh, that's all right, come in a moment. I want to talk with

you." He reluctantly entered and at her request preceded her up the steps. Scarcely were they seated in the library, when Mr. Booker very unceremoniously walked in. Miss Rishnell introduced him to Banford, who remained sitting. Banford then broke out in a sort of soliloquy: "Miss Rishnell, Mr. McGregor told me you paid my fine and that I ought to be a better man. I ought. I told him I was goin' to kill myself. But I ain't. I'm goin' to pay you first." He had not looked up, his face was drooped till his chin almost touched his breast. He went on: "If you knew how mean I've been you would want me hung. I reckon I ought to be. But I'm goin' to work and pay you back. I thought everybody hated me, but I guess you don't. Ain't there somethin' I can do here to help you till I can git a job? I feel like I ought to ——" Miss Rishnell interrupted to say: "No, Mr. Banford, we have no work here that you can do. Don't allow this obligation to worry you. I paid your fine because I really wanted to help you." At this remark he looked up for an instant and then dropped his eyes again. Miss Rishnell continued: "You may not know it, Mr. Banford, but I have been praying for you ever since I saw you pass here drunk one night. I am going to keep on praying for you till you become a Christian in heart and life." His chin began to quiver as the tears filled his eyes; and Miss Rishnell asked that they might have a prayer together. Without waiting, she knelt and so did Mr. Booker.

Banford sat up for a moment till Miss Rishnell had begun praying, then he also quietly knelt. Miss Rishnell prayed: "Oh, God, we thank Thee that nothing is hid from Thee. Thou knowest both the good and the bad in our lives. We are all unworthy of Thy love. Forgive the past, and have mercy on us now. Thou knowest our desire to do better. By Thy help we will. We pray Thee, oh, Father, to bless Brother Banford, who is in trouble. May he learn that the way of the transgressor is hard. May he know that Thou dost love him as Thy child and may he come to love Thee as his Father. Help him to give up all sin and live to be pure and kind and prayerful. Then we know he will be happy and Thou wilt smile upon his life and make him a blessing. Hear us and answer our prayer, oh, Father, for his sake and for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, who loves us and gave Himself for us. Amen."

When they arose from the prayer Banford was weeping. He started to wipe the tears from his face with his sleeve; for he had no handkerchief. Seeing this, Miss Rishnell in an instant said: "Here, Mr. Banford," and picking up from the table a fresh handkerchief gave it to him, "take this." He hesitated. "Yes, I want you to take this handkerchief, wipe the tears from your eyes and then put it in your pocket. It may help you to remember that we are praying for you." He took the handkerchief, seeming to be almost convulsed with emotion. Without even trying to wipe the

tears from his eyes, he hastened out of the room and down the steps.

Banford was not seen about the settlement for several days. Some one reported in the reading-room that he had gone to work in a mattress factory. Early one evening, before the reading-room was opened, Banford appeared at the door. He asked to see Miss Rishnell privately. He was taken to the library, where Miss Rishnell was reading. As soon as he was seated he drew from his pocket a large knife, a pistol and a box of cartridges. He got up and laid these on the table and said: "Miss Rishnell, I want you to keep these for me. I am afraid to keep them. It is hard for me to keep from gittin' mad and I am afraid to have these." He also stated that he threw his bottle of whiskey away and never expected to drink any more. He then explained that he was working at the mattress factory for five dollars a week. He had to pay two dollars and a half a week board but promised to bring two dollars every Saturday evening towards paying Miss Rishnell. Before he left she asked him to promise to come to the reading-room every evening. He hesitated, but when she insisted he made the promise.

Several weeks had passed and Banford had kept his promise absolutely. Every night he was at the reading-room and every Saturday evening he paid in his two dollars.

The man, however, seemed to be embarrassed all the time. She suspected it was because of his very

scant and soiled clothing. So she decided to make another investment. There was to be a convention in Richmond, Va., which she was to attend as a delegate. Before leaving she sent seventeen dollars to Banford with this note:

"MR. BANFORD:

"Here is a loan of seventeen dollars. I am leaving for Richmond. Will return a week from next Saturday. Will expect to see you in my Sunday-school class, clothed and in your right mind."

Sure enough, when she entered the Sunday-school room, after her return, there sat Banford, with his appearance transformed as if by magic. He was clothed anew from head to foot. When he made the purchase he evidently thought of Miss Rishnell's appearance when he visited the settlement the second time. For he had on a black suit and shoes, with a perfectly white shirt and tie. He looked as neat and prim as a Chesterfield. From this time on Banford was the most faithful member of the class. The Sunday-school at first was almost stampeded by his presence. But it was soon discovered that he was perfectly harmless. All went well with Banford for several months. It was April when he first came to the Sunday-school. He had been a regular attendant at the reading-room and Sunday-school till early in August. He failed to come to the reading-room, and then, on Sunday morning he was not in his class. Careful inquiry was made to

locate him, but no trace could be found. A week passed, but no one had heard of him. One Tuesday night about nine o'clock Banford appeared at the side door of the settlement and called for Miss Rishnell who was in the reading-room. She said to him: "Well, Mr. Banford, have you been sick?" "Oh, no, Miss Rishnell, I got in bad again. I've been drunk. There ain't no use tryin'. I can't be good. I just stopped to tell you good-bye." He started to reach out his hand, when Miss Rishnell asked where he was going. "Oh, I'm goin' to the river. I can't stand it, I'm not fit to live, I'm goin' to the river." Miss Rishnell knew that he meant suicide, so she grasped his hand and said: "No, Mr. Banford, you can't, you shall never walk over my prayers into hell. Come in. You go up-stairs to the library. I will be there in a little while."

Miss Rishnell went back to the reading-room and asking to be excused for a while, took Miss Palmer and went up to talk with Banford. She asked him to tell her all about his trouble. He told of his going to the saloon with two men who persuaded him to go with them. He said the old thirst and old feelings took possession of him. He got to drinking and then went on till he was "dead drunk." Since then he had been ashamed to return. He said he started to the river twice, but felt that he ought not to go till he had come to the settlement to say good-bye and thank Miss Rishnell for her kindness.

Miss Rishnell then explained that killing himself

would do no good, that he could not get away from his conscience by death, that he would be just as much in the presence of God after death as before. So she asked that they pray for God's pardon. He dropped on his knees with a sigh. After the prayer his burden was gone and Miss Rishnell talked further about the importance of keeping away from the saloons and evil companions. She then went to an alcove in her library and got a little Testament. She turned to Romans xiv. 4, and marked these words: "He shall be holden up; for God is able to make him stand." Then she asked him to stand on that promise. She gave him the little Testament which she asked him to read regularly each day. He reached in his inner pocket and took out the neatly folded white handkerchief which Miss Rishnell had given him as a reminder of her prayers and laid it in the Testament for a book mark, saying as he did so: "That handkerchief has made me fight the devil mighty hard. Lots of times I started to the saloon and then I would take out that handkerchief and think of your prayers and I would turn back." After promising that he would never again enter a saloon he left the settlement, saying as he started down the steps: "Good-night, Miss Rishnell; I'll pay you that money back as soon as I can."

# IV

# The Homes of the Poor

## IV

## THE HOMES OF THE POOR

SICKNESS is the greatest mountain of difficulty that most poor people have to ascend. It stands in the way of all material advancement. For when a man is straining every nerve and every muscle to put away a small sum "for a rainy day" the delicate, overwrought machinery gives way and he drops back both into poverty and despair. It bars the way to most social pleasures; for often when a boy or a girl "is doing over time for some extra," for a vacation or for some long coveted possession, the health fails under the strain and exposure, and all is lost—health, pleasure, and often virtue. It crushes the hopes of the burdened housewife and mother. Just when she "feels a little hope up," and thinks things are better, and rest will come and relief to her worn, wearied body, some one soon becomes sick and all hopes vanish.

It is this awful fear and dread of the inevitable "sick spell" that makes the poor easy victims of unscrupulous patent medicine men and life insurance companies. An arrangement of this kind is often effected. An entire family will be insured at $100 each. Children under ten pay five cents a week; from ten to fifteen, ten cents a week; from

fifteen to twenty-five, fifteen cents a week; from twenty-five to thirty-five, twenty-five cents a week. Thus far, good. But the agent upon insuring each person, leaves a little credit book in which payments are recorded, and also a blank form properly filled in to the effect that when the insured dies a certain undertaker will give a fine burial at the cost of one hundred dollars, the amount for which the certificate is issued. I have known cases where the entire cost of the funeral could not possibly have exceeded fifty dollars. This statement is based upon the following itemized account, the maximum cost of a number of funerals I have directed. Coffin, $25; shroud, $10; hearse, $8; two carriages, $5; total, $48. Yet the family receives nothing. The agent and the undertaker pocket the surplus.

If people amid comfortable and luxurious surroundings really knew how the sick suffer in the wretched, meagre, degrading, uncomfortable homes of the average poor working family, they would act quite differently towards them.

Miss Rishnell writes this interesting account of a family:

"The Parnell family, consisting of father, mother and three small children, came, as many families do, from a small country village nearly thirty miles away. They came expecting to find easy work and high wages in the city. Stimulated by this hope, they were willing to suffer the privations and fatigue of that long journey on foot,—for they walked

the entire distance—the mother bravely pushing an old baby buggy, with baby and the family's entire wardrobe, the father carrying the bedclothing and a few cooking utensils, and the oldest child, a boy of nine, proudly bearing the burden of a highly colored, quaint old picture, and a small clock. That was all they possessed of this world's goods. But as it was early spring, the man succeeded in getting work immediately at the sawmill, and little by little from the meagre earnings the one-room house was furnished with all that was considered necessary to the comfort of the family. They were satisfied with very little,—a small stove, two chairs, a tiny table, a box-cupboard, an old bedstead with a straw tick, stuffed so full that it seemed the unwary sleepers would roll off, and a spring cot with one end held up by a box. All articles were second hand, or more likely tenth hand.

"Mrs. Parnell fortunately brought with her the thrifty, cleanly, industrious habits of country life. Old cast-off garments of others were soon transformed into clothes for the children, and with scraps from the settlement home, and with many others that she picked up from the city dump pile and washed, she had soon furnished the beds with quilts. While pieces of bone and leather, also gathered from the dump by the boy and sold, soon added some cheap decorative articles to the small room. Everything went well with them till the last of August when the mother became ill with typhoid fever. Two weeks later the five-year-old girl was

stricken with the same disease, and a few days later the boy. Such a pitiable spectacle as they did present! The mother and little girl were on the hard high bed and Leon on the broken cot, all too sick to help themselves or each other! It was out of the question for the father to quit work. So for days they had no nursing except an occasional visit from the settlement or from the neighbors. Then the mother and little girl were removed to the hospital, and Leon and the baby were cared for by a neighbor.

"In a little over a week, the baby 'took the fever and the father took to chillin',' and the poor mother, in her weakened condition, came home 'to keep things from goin' clean to pieces.' Work having ceased, money ceased, and provisions became so scarce that often they had nothing in the house to eat. Even the water supply was cut off, for they were living in a house that had neither hydrant, cistern, nor well, and had been buying water at two cents a gallon from a neighbor. It seems too awful to be true, but one morning, when I went down early, I missed the little boy from his cot; and, asking where he was, got the shocking information from his mother that he was getting water from a broken hydrant down the street. I went to see and found that the child had dug a hole in the street large enough to receive a small tin can, and as the water seeped up from a broken water pipe he patiently and laboriously filled his little bucket. This he had been doing for several days, and as he

was so weak from his fevered, impoverished condition, he would lie down on the ground to rest between dips. When I remonstrated with the mother as to the danger of using such water, she burst into tears and said, 'We have no water, can buy no water, and you bring us so many things already.'

"Another shadow on the already dark picture of misery and suffering may be seen from another little experience a few days later. The baby was very sick. The stupefied mother sat in a sort of dumb agony all day with the little one in her tired arms. One morning I took their old baby buggy to the settlement, gave it a good scrubbing, then from the linen closet supplied it with a clean, folded comforter, a dainty sheet, a little pillow with a white ruffled slip, some mosquito netting, and sent it back. I followed shortly to see what would be the effect. When I walked in, I felt sure the baby was dead. It was lying in the buggy, several neighbors were standing around with arms akimbo and a bewildered look on their faces, and Mrs. Parnell was on her knees, with one arm under the buggy and the other over it, sobbing bitterly. To my question as to what was the matter, she sobbed, 'I can't stand it! She don't look like dogs now, but like angels in white! I 'member when things looked that way back to home.' My heart nearly broke at the scene. My eyes seemed to melt into tears. I turned and walked quickly away to recover control of my emotions. I realized as never before how deep is the yearning of poor mothers to

smooth the rough, hard beds of their beloved sick, and yet how helpless they are in their poverty to do anything for them.

"As more than a month had passed without any wages coming in, the rent was overdue and the agent descended upon the hapless family one Saturday evening with an officer of the law. A warrant had been served several days previous, so their small belongings, sick children and all were moved out into the street. I telephoned Mr. McGregor who explained that the agent was acting within the limits of the law and so he could give no aid. The only vacant room in the immediate community was one that had part of the roof burned off, but into that, with the neighbors' help, the Parnells were soon moved. Our hope was simply to protect them till better quarters could be found the next week.

"The next day, Sunday, it began raining, and for several days there was almost a steady downpour, so much so that it was impossible to move them, and even more impossible to keep the bed dry on which lay the sick father and boy. In the effort to tidy up the room and give them their breakfast, I had to wade the floor with skirts pinned up. Very soon they were moved, for Mr. McGregor had volunteered to pay the rent for two months in advance. An effort was now made to replace them on their feet, but help came too late. The health of both parents was completely wrecked by the awful exposure, anxiety and suffering. The father became an imbecile, the mother a hopeless invalid,

the children beggars and paupers, and now the whole family are cared for at the county's expense.

"The owner of the house was responsible for much of the suffering of this family. The heartless cruelty with which the family was turned out into the street led me to inquire into the question of ownership. I was expecting to find that the owner was a hardened man of the world—probably a saloon-keeper, whose only purpose was to make money. Imagine my chagrin when I was told that the owner of the house was a rich deacon in the Baptist church and that he instructed his agent to put the family out. I know the man, have heard him speak in the church. He is a leader in his church, and belongs to the 'upper ten' in business. Is it possible that the man's heart is as cruel as his deed? Not at all. He knew nothing of the family except that they had not paid their rent. Of course, it was not his place to make inquiry. 'Business is business; they haven't paid their rent, put them out.' And that is the heartless basis on which much of modern business is conducted. It is a cruel, heathenish business, whoever is guilty of such unchristian treatment. Thus, this family perished, not in heathen China, nor in pagan Africa, but in Christian America, in one of the richest and most cultured cities of the world, where the real Christianity of love and service and sacrifice has shrivelled down into the mere songs and prayers of these modern disciples who are more concerned

for their extravagant churches than for living people."

Miss Rishnell has written the following very interesting account of several other families that she knew intimately:

"The most interesting study in psychology that ever came under my observation was that of the Moses family. The whole make-up of the family was so unique that my interest was riveted from my first visit. Mrs. Moses herself was my special object of study. She was a little wiry, hard-working woman, with high-pitched voice, and a quick penetrating eye. Her features seemed to indicate that she had sprung from better stock than the average poor slum dweller; but her long struggle against poverty, and her efforts to make ends meet with her scrimpy resources had left hard and bitter lines across her face. She was a wonderfully resourceful woman, never lacking a solution for the most difficult domestic problem. One day Mr. Moses was brought home with a fractured ankle, and when we asked for a deep vessel with very warm water to bathe the injured foot in, we were greatly surprised to see Mrs. Moses walk in with the big iron family dinner pot, and to hear her say in response to our inquiring looks, 'Mose, this is just the very thing! The iron will hold the heat longer. I just turned the dinner out into a bucket.'

"Her resourcefulness was further demonstrated by her ability to store away an incredible amount

of coal, wood, hay and other stuff under the three beds of her two-room house. Her method of controlling her boys, by threatening them with some new punishment for each misdemeanor, was a never ending source of astonishment to me. In the course of one visit, I have heard her threaten little six-year-old Sampson with such imprecations as 'I low to kill yer,' 'I'll break yer bones,' 'I'll bust yer head,' 'I'll whup ye to an inch of yer life.'

"The managing of those five boys was indeed a herculean task. They were as unlike as five boys could well be. Frank, the oldest boy of eighteen, was disobedient and disrespectful to his parents; so ill natured that he was always fighting, and often under arrest; he was spiteful in the extreme, destructive in every way, and seemed to have no moral sense. Tom, the second boy, was dull, almost idiotic, so coarse in appearance and actions as to seem almost a brute. Dave had a sad, soulful expression, deep-set yearning eyes, a disposition to shrink from all companions and be alone, and seemed to find no joy in play. Sampson was a happy, rollicking, mischievous scamp who took nothing seriously except every opportunity to drink beer or swear. Will, only four, has always been out of sorts with the whole world, kicking, crying and fussing; a violent antagonist to all authority and order.

"One day, when our friendship had progressed far enough, I asked Mrs. Moses to tell me how it

happened that her boys were so entirely different from one another. Her reply was well worth recording. 'It seems funny, and per'aps ye won't think it, bein's as yu's single, but them kids act just like I felt before they wus born. I didn't want Frank. Moses and me wus just married and I wanted to work with him at the mill. I felt so mean towards everybody, and sometimes I nearly done somethin' to him before he come. Then, before Frank could walk, I found out that another kid wus purty soon to come and I just cried and shut myself up at home and wanted to die. Then before Dave wus born (he's named for the man in the Bible who got sorry for his sins), I wanted to git religion and be good and sing songs and learn to pray. But Mose, he laughed at me and I felt awful cast down. . . . But law! I got over them feelin's 'cause it seemed there wus nothin' comin' to me but children and hard work, so I set my heart on to havin' a good time, and gittin' friendly with folks, and lettin' the house go and takin' things easy. That's Samp now, just fer sure! And Will's no count no more'n me. I'm tired of boys. If another kid comes my way, I hope to the Lord it'll be a gal, jest fer a change. Would you believe it! I've saved every sack that ever flour came to this house in to make my babies dresses and skirts. I told Mose Sunday that he ner me had never had new clothes since that first kid turned up. All we git is second hand, 'ceptin' when it's third hand. And I'm tired.'

"As she sat there talking freely and unburdening her tired heart, I suggested that we pray and carry all the burden to the great Burden Bearer. But her prompt reply was: 'Pray in this house? Not much. You couldn't hear your own years with these pesky kids around.' I insisted that she needed God to live with her and help her. But in apology she said: 'Seems wrong to ask the good Lord to come down to such a dirty house. He couldn't live here—'tain't room for Him and us.'

"Those boys were a great trial, no doubt. But there seemed to be the promise of something good in Samp, and one day I told Mrs. Moses so. She was greatly pleased, and addressing him said, 'Come here, Samp! Miss Rishnell wants you.' Whereupon she was corrected by Samp, with 'That ain't so, Mit Ritnell don't want me, you flool you.' 'Sampson, Sampson,' I remonstrated, 'come here and don't talk that way. You are too nice a boy to do that. What are you going to do when you get to be a man?' The prompt answer was, 'I'll loaf, like Buddie Sank.'

"As I sat there studying him, wondering all the while how such a small neck could support such a large, well formed head, I noticed that he possessed a quick, discriminating mind, an observant eye, and restless, nimble hands eager for something to do. He promised to come to kindergarten next morning, and when he walked in, Dave, three years older, sagely remarked, 'Here's Samp, and you'll have a hard time breakin' him in.' But the surmise

was wrong, for Sampson's character responded to love and tender discipline like a plant late removed from a dark, foul cellar unfolds to the rain and the warmth of the sun. It took a great deal of patience, however, to break him of his propensity for swearing.

"In a few weeks Sampson had not only become a regular and interested attendant of the kindergarten, but had also been brought into the Sunday-school. The first Sunday he came by to go with us. He came more than an hour before time, and as our pastor was our guest, it was quite hard for Samp to maintain proper dignity. It was the first time he had been in our sitting-room, and I noticed that, though his big eyes were studying everything in the room, they rested often and most admiringly on a bright, soft Brussels rug. No sooner had the pastor made his exit than Sampson jumped up, and like an animal that is ready to spring upon its coveted prey, said with suppressed emotion and tightening muscles, 'Say, Mit Ritnell, kin I turn oversets on that thing?' Before my answer could be given, he had landed on his head in the middle of the rug.

"Poor child of the slums! If there were but a bit of red carpet in every home, there would be many a red letter day in some of the clouded little lives. I had previously noticed that the presence of a bright rug in front of an invalid's bed would make the footsteps lighter, the voice gentler, and the general bearing of the many occupants of the room more dignified and graceful.

"So I decided to test its effect in this home. Dave, the sad-faced, soul-hungry boy was sick when the strip of well-worn, but clean and bright carpet made its advent into the home. Frank even helped scour the room, and drive nails behind the door for the scant wardrobe of the family. Mrs. Moses and I improvised a dresser out of a large box, and Tom got up enough energy to wash his face and hands clean and comb his hair; while little Samp was perfectly radiant, and poor Dave smiled for the first time. The whole atmosphere of the home was so changed that, when I went back in the evening 'to see how s'prised Mose would be' Mrs. Moses said in a tone so different from the one of months before, 'Let's sing "Old Time Religion" and say a little prayer.' There were better days ahead for that family.

"That a child's play is the first step in its character development and its education goes without saying. This fact is nowhere so manifest as among the children of the poor. When little girls play at house, the would-be parents quarrel and fight, beat the children, get arrested and separate. The boys play at work and cheat, lie, defraud each other, drink, gamble and land in a threatening mock prison.

"As this daily moulding process goes on, it becomes but the epitome of a future life. I was much distressed therefore when the boys of our night school, during the summer months, got up what they termed 'a little show.' The announcement

on the almost unreadable bills that the admission fee was to be either 'a bran sack, tater whiskey bottle, or large bone,' aroused my curiosity, and made me determine to go. The performance was given in an old barn which had been provided with rough, dirty board seats, ill-smelling kerosene lamps, and a jar with filthy ice-water, *all for the comfort of the audience.* The stage was the manger with a few boards nailed over it. The audience surprised me by its size and composition. All the children of the neighborhood, boys and girls, were sitting together indiscriminately, with many parents present. And the play! It was made up of the most blood-curdling scenes taken from the dime novel. Hideous murders were enacted, bold robberies perpetrated, and lewd love scenes were presented to the fascinated audience. I sat dumbfounded, my heart aching with a deep grief. What could be done for those whose ideals of life were so low and so early formed? My nerves tingled with a cold chill as I thought of the effect, 'those little shows,' kept up for several weeks, would have upon the moral life of the community. When I appealed to the parents to stop them, the answer was, 'It is only play, and they act so natural and cute.'

"But while such maturity of thought and ideal is so strikingly manifested in the young, childishness seems to characterize these people all their lives. The majority of the poor never get beyond their first childhood. Sometimes the impotency is pathetic in the extreme, as when you find an aged

woman in girlish ecstasy over the gift of a paper napkin for her mantel, or an old man in tears over the loss of a little tin box you gave him to keep his 'backer' in.

"There are also manifestations of a sort of savage impotency that are not only crude but repulsive and pernicious. In the light of such practices by Anglo-Saxon people in a Christian country, the savagery of the ancient medicine man and the sorcery of the Hottentot and barbarian sink into insignificance.

"The thing I have reference to is the common habit of dosing helpless sick children with vile things; as rancid butter to new-born babies for a purgative; pot liquor for hives; tea made of cedar berries and sorghum for whooping-cough. For teething children nothing is said to be better than to steal an egg from a neighbor, write the baby's name on it, put it in a muslin bag and hang it behind the headboard of the mother's bed. Another unfailing remedy to save babies from the suffering of teething is to procure a rabbit's head and bake it till it is charred sufficiently to be ground to a powder. 'Give in broken doses.' For thrash the most noxious of all remedies is often used, namely: urine as a wash for the mouth. This is often used also for the earache. For chills, corn-stalks boiled in rain water; for mumps, the marrow of a hog's jawbone applied as a poultice; for rickets, bow legs, and other ailments of that sort, bathing in greasy dish water. One day our cook, a white mother of

more than average intelligence, in putting away some nutmegs rolled them about in her hand and remarked—'Well, sir! them's male, these megs are. Did you know if you take one of these, of like sex to the child, and burn a hole through it with a knitting needle and string it on a cord around the child's neck, it will never have any trouble with its teeth? That sure is so! For I raised four children by that rule.'

"A patron of the free dispensary was heard to remark one day that our remedies were good if one didn't know better things to use, and to prove the point she said the best thing in the world for malaria was white-oak bark if it was 'stripped up in taking it off the tree.' One person whom she knew had made the fatal mistake of using bark that had been 'stripped down, and taken an awful diarrhœa and died.'

"I have, on more than one occasion, known of a devoted young mother sending her new-born babe through cold, rain, or other exposure to some neighboring family where there was a seventh child of like sex, the object being to have the magic seventh child blow seven times into the mouth of the young baby, in order, as the credulous parents believe, to prevent its having diseases of the respiratory organs.

"In addition to these and other vile chimney-corner prescriptions that are the heritage of the uneducated, the poor are the ones who suffer most from the quack doctor and the patent medicine

man. Their glaring handbills promise relief from every ailment, and the mentally impotent folk are the ones that fall an easy prey to their insidious arguments. For two weeks there was encamped on a vacant lot near us 'The Great Kickapoo Indian Medicine Company.' Every night they allured hundreds of people by their crude vaudeville performances and an untrained orchestra. Between acts, the manager would present the medicine: 'Sagwa, the great nerve tonic, only one dollar a bottle; Secret Salve, only fifty cents a box; Indian Oil, twenty-five cents a bottle.' He praised his remedies in the most glowing terms, and assured the people that his only object in being there was 'to help them —to afford them wholesome pleasure free, and give them the unparallelled opportunity of buying dirt cheap the greatest remedy ever known on earth.' At the end of two weeks he announced the sale of something over 1,000 bottles of the Sagwa, to say nothing of the fifty and twenty-five cent bottles. At least $1,500 was taken from scarcely four thousand people who really have never a cent to spare!

"There was one family in our community, not an immoral or criminal one, but simply ignorant, where mental impotency was shocking. One day as I went down to see them, I carried the evening paper for Mr. Price to read. As I laid it down, I said: 'There's the paper; I've just been reading of Pope Leo's death.' Mrs. Price jumped like she had been shot and said, 'My Lord! Who's that!

Did he have anything ketchin'? 'Cause we take everything that comes nigh.'

"Mr. Price broke all records however on Christmas day. The keeper of the corner saloon told him he could have all the beer he could carry home in his old boot. Mr. Price went home, took off his boot, brushed it out with an old shoe brush, and returned to the saloon to have it filled. Twice, thrice, the fourth and fifth time this was repeated, till the family was satisfied, and, as Mrs. Price expressed it, 'Jolly drunk on free beer.'

"In most cases sickness and misfortune are due to causes over which the family have no control—unsanitary surroundings, and belated, inadequate assistance. In the following story, the whole trouble was due to dense ignorance and uncleanliness manifested by a practice that is truly repulsive and pernicious. The discovery of this habit threw a flood of light on the spread of certain diseases, and some other things that hitherto I had been unable to account for.

"Hattie Gray, having finished her apron in the sewing school, wanted to take it home, but said she did not have the required nickel. I was somewhat exasperated with her excuse, and called her attention to the fact that she seemed to be chewing a nickel's worth of gum. 'Oh, well,' said she, 'this is borrowed.' 'What! Borrowed!' I exclaimed. 'Yes,' she went on in the most matter-of-fact sort of way; 'you know Mrs. Grubb, our neighbor, she buys gum one week, and her children and ourn take

turns. The next week ma buys and we swap back agin.' Further inquiries into this case revealed the startling fact that it was not only a common practice between these two families, but that many other families all over the district enjoyed the same unenviable privileges.

"Only a few weeks later I was visiting a Mrs. Kidd who had a very large and most untidy family. Three girls were then recovering from scarlet fever, and another child 'had just taken down so sudden like' that it surprised the mother. While I was there, in rushed Kit, one of the convalescents, with the wail,—'Ma-mer—make Fred Dutton give up my chewin'-gum. I just loaned it to her fer a little while, and now she won't give it back.' Freddie Dutton lived at least a block away, and, in passing the door, had borrowed the gum to chew on her way to the store and back! Yet the attending physician, the sanitary officer and I had been fighting for weeks with a strict quarantine to prevent a further spread of the scarlet fever.

"Thus it is that havoc is wrought in spite of the best efforts, and the sad part about it is the fact that innocent children everywhere are the victims. This same convalescent Kit, in addition to spreading the infection over the district—went out to beg in one of the best resident districts of the city—went out wearing the garments she had worn and slept in, and others that had hung on the wall of that pestilential room while the fever raged. This the mother told me in trying to convince me that

there was not one bit of danger in letting Fred chew Kit's gum. As I thought of it, I could see the skeleton hand of death clutching for the little throats in the beautiful homes where Kit had asked for alms.

"The disease which may well be called the 'white plague' of the poor is tuberculosis in its various forms. Bone tuberculosis prevails among the children; intestinal tuberculosis among the men especially, and pulmonary tuberculosis among all. In less than three years' time there were four deaths from this disease in one house, and two other cases developed. In one week's time seven cases were reported to me from one block. Although its ravages are so appalling, there is absolutely no effort on the part of the patient or the family to prevent a further spread of the disease. Often a whole family is wiped out by it. It is among these that one finds heroic suffering. I have known where there have been weeks upon weeks of restless days and sleepless nights; with an intense unremitting heat; continuous noises of singing and dancing, of quarrelling and cursing; with vile odors on all sides, the cooking often being done in the patient's room; with no air for the congested lungs except some that had been thrice breathed; with births and deaths in the same room; with no palatable food, and no ice-water, no medicine, no nursing, no sympathy, and no love! And yet the life has gone out without one complaint or one murmur. Only a sigh, a sigh that was only half articulate. for—

what God intended every man to have plenty of—light and fresh air.

"The reference made to Kit's wearing clothes she had slept in may surprise one somewhat, but this is the rule among the poor. One heavy union suit of underwear is all that is provided for a child. This he puts on when it gets cold, and keeps on usually 'till the weather breaks,' a period of about three months, by which time it is worn out and discarded, the child then going without. Another regular habit in dressing is to have children wear dresses, aprons, waists, shirts, etc., right side out till they are perfectly vile and then turn them wrong side out, when they will do service for another period of time. These are some of the causes that make sickness so prevalent and so fatal among the poor.

"It is, however, among the sick that one finds instances of self-sacrifice and hospitality and neighborliness that put to shame the deeds and gifts of wealthy people. I remember once having been called to make a race for life for a little boy that was really dying with pneumonia. The doctor ordered us to keep the entire chest covered with a bran poultice of a certain temperature, changing it every twenty minutes for a period of not less than two and one-half hours. I told the mother that she would have to keep the fire and bring the poultices hot to the bedside, that I would temper them and do the rest. What was my surprise when she said, 'I hain't one bit of wood ner coal.' Mrs. Cork

(the heroic soul referred to in another chapter) came to our rescue by simply saying, 'I'll give you the wood.' And what do you suppose she did? Her wood, simply a pile of logs caught from the river, was unsawed and uncut. She took a saw and axe, and though she had been washing all day, went out into the frosty night and sawed and split enough wood for her neighbor's need.

"Another instance of such kindness comes to my mind. I was sick with an attack of 'grippe.' My next-door neighbors were two elderly maiden ladies who had a very hard time keeping body and soul together. I knew it to be a fact that they often went to bed without one bite to eat for supper, and no prospect for any breakfast. They were sweet, pure women, just simply very poor. They made quilts for a living, and sometimes got along very well. This was a slack season, but they managed to get along somehow. They had three hens, one of which was laying at this time. And, in spite of all my protests, they brought me the one fresh egg every morning. Christianity? That is the real article.

"There was more genuine Christianity in the loving gift of that egg every morning than there is in a dozen ordinary prayer-meetings. The only trouble with much of our modern charity is that it is unchristian. The Good Samaritan is the ideal charity worker. Only love can dispense charity. Much of this loud talk and florid oratory by charity workers is the merest folderol. It is worse. You

hear much of 'scientific principles and methods of charity,' and more of 'modern methods of charity.' And a lot of women talk cleverly about 'investigating the poor and preventing fraud.' If you do your own thinking, you will wonder if ever these glib speakers with their 'scientific methods' and gloved hands and stony hearts ever heard of Jesus. The one word of charity work is love, love, love. The science of charity is the art of friendship. These modern charity organizations are everlastingly investigating people. But people do not want to be investigated. They want to be loved. Modern charity is spending itself giving things—food, coal, clothes and money. These are incidental to real charity. Much of such gifts are utterly harmful and degrading. They are never helpful except when these 'things' are made the vehicles of conveying a message of love and hope and confidence and friendship.

"I know the heart of the poor. And I can speak for them. We do not want 'things' given to us, we simply want a chance. Don't knock us down with your automobiles and then give us crutches. Don't block the road till we are half starved and frozen and then toss to us the scraps of your lunch and your cast-off clothes. Just keep your machine from running over us and keep the road open and let us have an equal right of way. Then we will need no crutches, nor old rags, nor scraps from your hands, but will walk with head erect and ask favor of no one but God. If you rich men want to walk

the highway of brotherhood with us and share our burdens and sorrows and joys, then we will love you and praise God for your fellowship. But if you are afraid of our company, and shun our children and spend your days in frigid seclusion in fine houses and in more costly churches and club rooms and send your left-over ' things ' down to the slums for us, then I pledge you that until God changes the mettle of human nature, we will despise your charity, we will not believe in your Christianity, we will shun your churches, and we will hate you ; and yet, and yet we will try to keep the candle of religion burning in our cottage homes, and sing our songs in joy and sadness and pray to the Christ of the poor, believing that He still some day will be Lord of all."

# V

# McGregor's Criticism of the Church

## V

## McGREGOR'S CRITICISM OF THE CHURCH

BANFORD became one of the most honest men I ever knew. While he was working in the mattress factory on small wages and struggling to pay off his debts, I learned one day that he was in distress for the lack of some money. So I offered to lend him twenty dollars. At the time my acquaintance with him was slight, and he hesitated to accept the money even as a loan. When Miss Rishnell assured him that it would be perfectly proper he took it, thanking me with such a genuine tone of appreciation that it was worth twenty dollars just to get his gratitude. He promised to pay me as soon as possible. In about two months he came to my office and paid five dollars. Soon after this I went to Europe, and was gone all winter. He got my London address somehow and mailed five dollars more. The five dollar bill was wrapped in a letter which contained this passage:

"I guess you think I ain't caring about paying you. But I think of you every day. Here is another five dollars. I can't send any more now. If God lets me live, I'll pay you all I owe you just as soon as I can make it. I'm keeping straight and standing on the old platform."

Soon after my return from Europe, Banford came

to my office and paid the balance of ten dollars. He was as happy as a man ever gets when lifting a mortgage from his home. His gratitude and joy repaid me a thousand per cent. interest on my little loan.

McGregor had become a frequent visitor at the settlement. He and Banford were opposites. One represented education, culture and doubt, while the other was ignorant, coarse and childlike in his simple faith. One evening they got into a conversation in the reading-room which closed in a discussion about prayer. "Do you pray?" asked McGregor. "What good will come of it?" Banford looked perplexed and grieved as he spoke: "Well, if I was as mean as I used to be, I know I wouldn't pray at all. Thank God He heard my prayer for pardon. He took away that old hard, bitter heart that I used to have and He gave me a heart that is tender and kind. I pray now because I can't help it. I always want the best to happen. I used to wish for the worst to happen. God gave me this new heart. As God gave me this heart it must be like His own. For I think He wants the best to happen too. So if I did not wish for the best and long for the best, I feel that I wouldn't be like God. I must pray to be like Jesus. He loved everybody and always wanted the best to happen to everybody. If I don't live that way my heart will get hard and bitter again."

These words seemed to make a deep impression on McGregor who asked in a thoughtful manner:

"You are sure then, are you, Mr. Banford, that your prayers make some difference with God, that God did something for you that He would not have done if you had not prayed?" "I don't know," replied Banford, "what God would have done if I hadn't prayed. I don't know anything about that. I do know when I prayed it made a great difference with me. I know my heart began to change as soon as I heard Miss Rishnell pray. That was the first prayer I ever heard. It went all through me. It made me ashamed of myself. I began to want to be better, but I couldn't. I tried and I failed. And then I got so troubled about my sins that I just cried in my heart for God to drop all the past and let me start over. Somehow it all changed. I ain't the same feller. I ain't nothing like I was then. If Miss Rishnell hadn't prayed for me, I don't know where I would be to-night. I guess I would be in hell. Yes, she saved me. She prayed and it made a difference, somehow. I don't know how. I am here and I'm sure different."

Banford paused as if his emotions were about to get beyond his control. McGregor broke the silence by saying: "I suppose then, Banford, that you pray a great deal and really enjoy praying?" "Pray a good deal? That I do. I pray all the time. It's my breath. It seems my heart is just one big prayer all the time that everybody may be good and kind and glad. I have to live that way. If I didn't I would sin sure. If I stop praying a minute the devil is right after me. I think all

sorts of meanness. Then in a little while I start to do the mean things I thought about. So I have to pray all the time to keep away bad thoughts. It's the upward pull of prayer that keeps me from sin every day."

There was a moment's silence. Then McGregor said with a big smile: "Well, Banford, I guess you are sure that you are going to heaven!" "Yes, sir, dead sure of it, if I don't run by!" At this they all had a hearty laugh and Miss Rishnell announced that it was time to close the reading-room.

Judging from this discussion, one might infer that McGregor was very skeptical and almost irreverent. On the contrary he was so intense in his beliefs that he regarded it a religious duty on his part to combat error. Having been in college with him, I knew his better self. It was his extreme conscientiousness that led people to misunderstand him. His hatred for hypocrisy was terrible. I have seen him simply rave with anger at the discovery of something false in others. Even his dearest friends were not immune from his terrific and scorching condemnation. Yet he really had a tender heart. Anything that looked like sham or make-believe or falsehood simply enraged him, and at times to such an extent that he seemed almost insane for the moment. I have seen him pounce upon a friend denouncing a seeming untruth with such unrelenting fury that his words were almost paralyzing. Then seeing how crushed and pained his friend was, he would reproach him-

self for unkindness. He was a lovable man, and yet the most misunderstood person in the city.

Even his own teachers misunderstood him. At one time it was his purpose to become a preacher. He had graduated in a leading college in Tennessee and spent nearly two years in a theological seminary. While in the seminary he became overwhelmed in doubt. He grew very bitter and spent his time pointing out the hypocrisy and shams of society. He then left the seminary and entered a law school, where he graduated with high honors. His experience in the seminary was most unfortunate. He was brilliant and independent in thought. And there was all the while in his heart a noble impulse to be of service. So he frequently went to the labor union meetings, where he heard of the terrible struggles of the masses.

At this time he was about thirty-two years of age, practicing law much as a pastime. His real business was to think out a philosophy of life for himself. As I knew of his struggles I was anxious to get him in touch with the reality of life at the settlement, hoping that possibly this might be the means of restoring his confidence in humanity and lead him back into a joyous faith in prayer and Providence. My efforts to get him interested in the settlement, however, were not without misgivings. For I never knew what he might say or do. He had such a propensity for iconoclasm that I never knew what moment he might with one sledge-hammer blow smash into "smithereens"

some established opinion or belief. To have such a man in the settlement, I feared, might be too much like the proverbial "bull in the china shop." Nevertheless, I knew he was sincere and I knew such a note at least would please the boys. After he had become a regular visitor at the reading-room, the boys admired him greatly. He was a sort of hero to them. They would call on him for all sorts of favors, and it was his joy to serve them. He was soon looked upon as their legal adviser and friend. He was never happier than when defending some poor fellow in trouble. Money meant nothing to him. His one idea of life seemed to be absolute unswerving devotion to truth.

One evening on our way over to the settlement, we got to talking about the Church and I insisted that he ought not to fight the Church, that his antagonism was being misunderstood and so his influence for good was weakened. It was a frank, friendly talk, but I saw his convictions were so intense that it would be somewhat hazardous to follow him far in that discussion.

We found a fine crowd of working men at the club. Among them were several theological students from the seminary, who sat around as wiseacres with self-complacent smiles. They were quite ill at ease in such a company. There were probably seventy-five or eighty men in the room—hard working, hard headed, independent men. McGregor seemed perfectly at home.

Presently there was a sort of lull in the games and conversation and I observed Miss Rishnell studying the situation. She walked over to Mr. McGregor and asked him to speak to the men. He hesitated but finally consented to talk. Miss Rishnell then went to the platform and announced: "Gentlemen, all that would like to hear Mr. McGregor speak, please raise your hand." Every hand shot up. I knew that this probably meant a cyclone and I dreaded the lightning; for there was no telling where it might strike. Miss Rishnell seemed quite pleased: I have always suspected that she anticipated the effort in a half playful humor, thinking that McGregor would give the men some spicy fun at the expense of the "theologs."

As he walked forward and took his place on the platform he looked every inch a prince. Tall, slender, straight, with wavy black hair mingled with just enough of gray to tell of his mental struggles and of the hungering anguish of his heart. Below a two story forehead was a long nose, with a ridge of courage in the centre. His ears were generous and his lower jaw was set with determination enough to command the whole British navy. His eyes were as clear and fresh and uncertain as an April sky after a storm.

He began by saying that he had no speech and asked if some one would not volunteer to suggest a subject. A young socialist back in the room yelled out: "Tell us about the Church." Then his eyes began to dance and sparkle as he spoke: "Well,

that is a big subject, and yet I have thought about it a great deal.

"Unreality is the trouble with the Church. I presume that sounds irreverent to you. But the Church is too selfishly unworldly. She is so concerned about her respectability, about her otherworldliness, about her rights and privileges, about her ordinances and creeds and names and boundary lines that she has too little time left for downright service to every-day folks. The Church is too far from the common people. The Church talks a great deal about service, but when you get at the facts, that means the Church is to be served. The secret is the Church has become unconsciously selfish. She too often goes into a community with the commercial motive of success rather than the missionary motive of saving the people. The Church has become too anxious about her own life to do her best work. She must lose her life in order to gain the highest life, not for herself but for the people.

"Then there is too much mediæval sham and make-believe in her methods. Why, for example, the clergy themselves are called 'reverend.' And they like it. They actually feel slighted if you write just plain 'Mr.' It must be 'Rev.' with a big R. Now I don't revere any preacher alive, and until I do find one that I revere I don't intend to use that title.

"Some time ago I noticed the Bishop of London was in New York. The church papers and even

the best magazines in this country wrote of 'His Holiness.' People introduced him all over the East as 'His Holiness.' Think of Peter addressing the great Commoner of Galilee as 'His Holiness.' You can't imagine such a thing and yet He alone was worthy of such a title. All these Christians in the high places of earth who appropriate the titles of 'Reverend,' 'Majesty,' 'Excellency,' and 'Holiness' are either hypocrites or slaves of a silly custom. Why, I saw a Methodist bishop referred to in a church paper the other day as 'The Right Reverend Bishop ———.' That is dangerously near profanity. Now, I have never seen but one person on earth that I would call 'Reverend'—and that is my mother. She was 'The only Right Reverend' that I ever saw. Yet she is a poor hard working woman who never had an honor shown her in the Church in all her life. But the world never saw, I believe, a more saintly soul. Her majestic purity and her quiet unswerving devotion to truth and right in all the little experiences of life—her joyous hope in the ultimate triumph of Christ, make her more worthy of the title of holiness than any bishop or archbishop or pope that ever wore false colors.

"There are two classes of preachers these days. Those that make good as preachers are called doctors of divinity, and the others are just ordinary reverends. Titles are too often mere crutches for weak men. Any real man, any downright honest man, any genuinely God-inspired man, would utterly despise these D.D.'s and reverends, and

right reverends and holinesses. If you will just clothe the ministry with reality and the Church with the spirit of service, Christianity will win in a walk."

As he walked back to his seat and sat down the men applauded vigorously. Until now I was afraid to look back, thinking that possibly the Methodist preacher might be present. On looking round I saw him sitting near the door, and in the act of rising. He walked forward and asked for the privilege of speaking.

I never until then wished for anybody to faint or for the sound of the fire alarm or for an earthquake, but anything seemed preferable to that situation. I knew the dear old preacher was going up against a buzz-saw and I pitied him. I feared too that he might get McGregor's Scotch blood to boiling, and cause him to say things that would really be harmful, and especially to the settlement.

The preacher had a chew of tobacco in his mouth which he found inconvenient when he reached the platform. So he turned and took two or three steps towards the corner of the room and then expectorated quid and all on the floor. Turning towards McGregor he entered into a tirade of abuse, accusing him of being an infidel and a socialist and an enemy of the Church of Christ. He claimed that the episcopacy was a holy and divine order and that it was an outrage for any man to be allowed to talk in public as McGregor had. He went on quite at length, preaching a sermonette—the latter

part being a sort of theological hodge-podge, meant evidently to convince those few theological students of his scholarly attainments. He made reference to the doctrine of "total depravity" occasioned by the "fall of Adam" and how it was time for us to be praying for pardon and cleansing from sin rather than abusing the Church through which alone we could be saved. He closed his talk with a prayer which was a sort of browbeating for McGregor's special benefit.

The preacher had scarcely said "Amen" till McGregor was on his feet. "Gentlemen, I haven't the slightest respect for any preacher who isn't clean in body and mind and heart. And you [pointing to the preacher] are certainly not clean in body. I think there ought to be a federal law against preachers using tobacco, if for no other reason than to abate the evil of profanity. Why, here are these holinesses going about here chewing and spitting and smoking. They go into the homes where the mothers have been teaching their boys never to use tobacco and whiskey, and there you smoking Reverends become a stench in the drawing-room of every decent home you visit.

"I don't like your theology any more than your tobacco. You are teaching that old falsehood of 'total depravity.' Human nature is white with black spots; not black with white spots. You and the theologians would make us believe that it is so black that there are not even any white specks. You talk as if you were the amanuenses of the Al-

mighty when you say that when Adam fell the whole human race was doomed to be submerged in total depravity. You say that God really meant to make a perfectly developed character in creating Adam and that his perfection was so absolute that growth was impossible. How then could the creature in one act destroy the work of his Creator even to changing the essence of his own soul? Worse still how could a man living centuries ago with his own little puny strength defeat the purpose of God forever? This whole doctrine of total depravity is a slander on Jehovah. I defy any really good man to believe it and at the same time believe that God is love.

"Preachers talk as if Adam was a junior partner with the Almighty. He has no doubt been amused all these centuries over his notoriety. Poor Adam, no man was ever so talked about. He is the worst 'cussed' man that ever lived. You can just fancy him to-day with his dear wife walking down the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, when some angel darts down like a meteor of white and announces the latest thing the theologians on earth have said about him: 'Mr. Adam, the father of theologians in the great Oxford University has just written a new book in which he says: "The greatest tragedy of all the ages was the fall of Adam, for it has caused the universal diffusion of death over the human race."' Imagine Adam wondering what he is talking about. Then he explains: 'Why, Mr. Adam, you are the most famous man on

earth. Your name is in millions of books. The hundreds of thousands of preachers talk about you and blame you for all the meanness on that planet. The theologians claim that you undid the work of Jehovah and completely upset His plan of the universe.'

"But if you could see Adam to-day I feel sure he would not be talking of total depravity. On some far off planet beyond the reach of the sun's light or the North Star's view where spirits of a thousand worlds tabernacle not in bodies of flesh and blood, but in dwellings of finer stuff, where persons live their ideals with holy zeal, where to pray is to receive, and to yearn is to be, where through the long climb of the ages human life is approaching divinity —there is Adam as different from the man of Eden as an unborn babe is from the glory crowned Prince of thinkers who preached in Galilee. If Adam ever fell at all, he fell up, not down. The God who built this world, who set the stars in the heavens, who swings the planets round the sun in perfect poise, who permitted the Alexandrian library to burn and Jesus to be crucified, who clothes the lilies with beauty and gives the birds their song and makes children laugh—that God, I know, never was defeated in His aim by one man or a million men. Man is in the process of creation. God is making him gradually. Adam was just about what God meant for him to be. He may have wabbled a little, but he kept in God's road and walked forward. Ever since Adam lived God has been at work creating man. Each generation

is better than the preceding, and a little nearer our divine Ideal, Christ. God is enjoying His work and He knows exactly what He is about. What God will ultimately make of man, no one but He knows. Certainly the theologians don't know, but they can work with God in the glory of this immortal creation. But no one can ever work with God until he learns to think straight, to keep clean and to be honest.

"Now, please excuse me if I have hurt anybody's feelings by what I have said. Of course, I know that there are many great and good men in the ministry—most of them are noble men, and for them I have no word but praise, but this evening I have been talking about the others."

As McGregor walked back to his seat, George Hughes arose to speak. He is a mechanic with a large family. He is a poor, honest, hard-working man, who is devoted to his home and loves his church. This was his speech: "I can't make a speech, but I feel that I ought to say what's on my heart. Mr. McGregor and Brother Booker have said many good things. I want to thank them both for being here and for speaking to us men. They don't agree, but that's all right. They are both our friends and good men.

"But I tell you how I feel. Both of them are right in part and both are wrong in part. Brother Booker will excuse me for saying that he is wrong too, but I believe you are. You don't understand Mr. McGregor as we do. He is our friend and we

love him. You ought to represent Jesus Christ in all you say and do. But I don't believe Jesus would do some things that you do. And I think Jesus would do some things that you do not. I hardly think Jesus would lose His temper as you have this evening. But we are all imperfect. And we'll love you just as much to-morrow, Brother Booker, as we did yesterday.

"And I believe Mr. McGregor is wrong too in part. Unfortunately you have been associated with too many bad preachers. I am sorry that any preacher is unworthy. But even the twelve apostles were not perfect. Jesus picked them out and thought they would make the best preachers. But among them was Judas.

"Yet think of Peter and John and James and Paul and the others. They were good men. Not all the time—Peter lied, and even John got angry. But think of what they were at their best—Peter on the Day of Pentecost and John writing 'God is Love.' So it is with the preachers to-day. Some of them may be as bad as Judas, but not more than one in twelve. But I want you to think of the good men who are preaching the Gospel. The worst men I know are not preachers. The purest and best men I ever knew are preachers.

"I want to tell you what a preacher did for me once. I was living at Murfreesboro. And I got sick and my children were small and wife was having a hard time. I wasn't a member of the church then, but somehow the preacher heard I was sick

and he came over to see me. I was too sick to talk much. But I guess he saw that I was worried about my children and sorry that my wife had to work so hard. So before he left he kneeled by my bed and prayed for me. He prayed for God to give me health and to bless my wife and children. He used these words in his prayer which I can never forget: 'O God, bless Brother Hughes and help me to be a true brother to him and his family while he is sick.'

"Then what do you suppose he did? He took my hand and said: 'Brother Hughes, don't you worry, I'll look after your family and see that they get everything they need.' About an hour later my wife came in the room and said: 'All you have to do is just to get well; there is a whole wagon load of groceries and things at the gate for us.' She read a note which the driver gave her from the preacher. He said he was sending the groceries because he thought we might need them. Poor wife was so overcome that she broke down and wept; for the children were very hungry, they had been crying nearly all day. Well, that dear preacher stood by me just like a brother sure enough. He came to see me every day and kept sending things that we needed till I got well. When I was able to walk about a little, I asked him one day why he was so kind to us. He seemed to be surprised at my question, and said: 'Why, I'm not specially kind to you. I try to be kind and helpful to everybody. That is my only business—

just to be brotherly and help people. I am simply trying to be a Christian. It is the sweetest, happiest life on earth,' he said.

"Now, that suited me. And before I was strong enough to go to church, I asked him to baptize us. That was the greatest day of my life. He baptized every one of us—my wife and myself and our five children. I didn't know much about it then, but I told him that we all wanted to be baptized. We even had the baby baptized. That was the happiest day I ever had.

"Now that has been nearly eighteen years ago. I have been trying all this time to pay him back for his kindness. But I can never repay him. I love him more than my own brother. As long as the Church gives us such preachers, I can never speak a word against the Church.

"Mr. McGregor accuses the Church of unreality. Well, that may be just. But remember the best people on earth are in the Church. The best people always have been in the Church, and the worst people have always been fighting the Church. Who can imagine what this world would be if there had never been a Church? It would be a hell indeed. The Church has given the world the Bible, which has given us our laws, our liberty and our hope of heaven. Even if there are some hypocrites in the pulpit and some wicked men in the pew, I am going to be loyal to the Church, because it has brought more blessing to me and my home than everything else 'in the world.'"

At the close of Mr. Hughes' talk, Miss Rishnell made a few conciliatory remarks and then dismissed the audience with a beautiful prayer that all might so learn of Christ as to live brotherly every day.

# VI

## Some of McGregor's Letters

## VI

## SOME OF McGREGOR'S LETTERS

IN the fall of 1906 McGregor went to Louisville, where he accepted a position as attorney for a big business corporation. But he was too honest for modern business. When the firm reached some crisis in its affairs the directors wanted him to negotiate a secret and underhanded deal, which he positively refused to do, saying: "Gentlemen, I'll starve before I'll be dishonest with any man, or be untrue to my conviction of what is right." This severed his connection with the firm, and after about eighteen months he returned to his own city.

During his stay in Louisville we wrote each other irregularly. He seemed to use his correspondence with me as a sort of safety valve to prevent an explosion of indignation.

For example here is a letter written soon after he went to Louisville:

"MY DEAR MAC:

"This is 'blue Monday' with me. I have the genuine preacher's 'blue Monday.' I never knew what this disease was before. In fact I had thought it was all due to color blindness, and that flowers were just as beautiful on Monday as on any other day. But now I see that there is something

real in this 'blue Monday' talk. I caught the disease from hearing a preacher yesterday. I was inoculated before he got half way through his sermon. Everybody present was inoculated too. The preacher was 'blue'—terribly 'blue.' He did not smile through the whole performance. He cried two or three times where there was nothing pathetic in sight. Everybody got the mental dry grins at watching him weep and whine and frown and pound the pulpit and yell as if we were all deaf. The most powerful microscope would not have shown the slightest trace of an idea in his sermon. He evidently meant to preach about repentance. At least he said he was trying to do so. It was painfully certain that he had no clear-cut idea of repentance himself. If he ever had repented of anything, he had forgotten all about it; for he never once revealed the slightest consciousness of such an experience. He certainly didn't know what Jesus had taught about this subject. He had passed over his own experience—if he ever had any—and he ignored the only real authority on this subject; and apparently had spent all his time of preparation in browsing around in the dead pastures of mediæval theology. He tried to quote from John Calvin who certainly had something to repent of since he murdered Servetus for thinking. He then paid his respects to Augustine and Luther and, of course, John Wesley. The entire hour was spent in talking—mostly yelling—about dead men's ideas and quoting from dead books. Before he got through the very atmosphere had the smell of dust and death and hypocrisy. He was one of the noted D.D.'s too.

"The only really interesting moment during the dull drag of that solemn hour was when some wag passed the door of the church and called out to

a fellow across the street: 'Say, Fred, don't you bet that's a thunderin' long dry spell in there?' This remark touched off a spicy breeze of merriment that swept cheerfully over the whole congregation. But it didn't faze the preacher, who went drearily on grinding at his miserable theological machine.

"It was a positive relief when he quit. The people, too, couldn't keep from showing it. It was all clear to me then why most of his pews were empty. The only smile he elicited during that hour was when he closed the Bible with a slam and said, 'Now in conclusion.' It was too clear that the people were glad of the end, and nothing but the end. It was bitter medicine for us all. Worst of all it was absolutely worthless treatment. I don't believe that sermon would help anybody. It was injurious to the preacher and to the audience. The unreality of the whole performance produced a sort of mental nausea. I am sure this is a 'blue Monday' for that preacher. It is certainly 'blue' for me. If I knew him I would take him to the baseball park just to let him see something modern and alive. His yelling habits would make him a star rooter. But as I don't know him I'll go to the game alone. So here I go. Good-bye.

"Your friend,

"JOHN."

It was not many weeks after this letter came till I was more than ever amused on the receipt of the following:

"DEAR MAC:

"Excuse me for writing on Sunday but I am seasick. Have just returned from a long theolog-

ical voyage and must do something to reset my mental stomach. I went out this morning to hear the college president preach. He took for his text John vii. 37–38: 'In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried; saying, if any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.'

"He evidently preferred the King James Version because it contains that vulgar phrase 'out of his belly.' He wrung the changes on that phrase until I was about to leave the house. Why didn't he use the American Revised Version, which renders that old Hebrew metaphor 'from within him'? I guess he had some lingering superstition that the words 'out of his belly' were 'inspired.'

"When I got to the church I was impressed with the number of men present. It was a fine opportunity for any speaker. When the preacher was introduced I felt that this college president would measure up to the opportunity and preach in a helpful way to the men. But instead of speaking to the hearts and consciences of these men, he went off into a theological discussion. He talked about the 'selfhood of the third person of the Holy Trinity,' about 'the Councils of the Trinity,' about 'the eternal plan of the Godhead,' about 'the infinite felicity of the adorable trinity of God.' He spent at least twenty minutes dishing out this stale theology to those hungry men. It was painful to see that eminent D. D.—a sort of Dean D. D.—stand there preaching half of his time about things that were absolutely unknowable. No one but a fool or hypocrite would dare do such a thing. What does he or anybody know about 'the Councils of the Trinity'? I am sure there wasn't a man present who cared a rap for such councils if there

ever were any. Besides, I believe I could take his own words and prove to any unprejudiced jury that he actually believes in three Gods. If his words mean anything he believes that, and he taught that this morning. Yet he would deny it because this is not orthodox. The fact is, too many preachers have no courage. They preach, not what they actually believe themselves, but what the orthodox books teach. They are slaves of orthodoxy and echoes of dead men's books. I despise such men. They are a curse to society wherever they go.

"The last part of this morning's sermon was devoted to a discussion of the 'rivers of living water.' The preacher said that Paul had told us just what these rivers are. He said there were nine. Then he turned to Paul's letter to the Galatians and read the names: 'Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control.' 'These are the rivers of living waters,' he claimed. Then he took us on 'excursions,' as he said, down these various rivers. We had a sort of moonlight excursion down the river of love that was really interesting in a way because of the novelty of the preacher's performance. Then we took a sail down the 'classic banks' of the river of joy. Gee whiz, but it was a dull time! We thus explored the entire nine rivers by means of the intellectual search-light of the preacher. I pledge you this was no child's play. Some of the rivers were as long as the Nile and as broad as the Amazon, and our pilot insisted on showing us everything in sight. Columbus and Livingstone must now take back seats as explorers.

"When we got to the head of navigation on the river of self-control, we all took a sigh of relief, thinking we were about to disembark. But not yet, except two or three Jonahs who took their hats and

jumped overboard. I longed for a whale myself. But we suddenly discovered ourselves steaming up the river Styx where we had pointed out to us all the bitter fruits of the world and the flesh and the devil. 'Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like.'

"From all these we were exhorted to flee—something we were already quite anxious to do. Then the preacher closed 'these few remarks,' having spent about forty-five minutes discussing things generally, all the way from the 'Councils of the Trinity,' to the harvest of hades, and never once said a word that was helpful to living tempted men and women. May heaven pity the stupidity of the preacher and all his tribe.

"Going to church doesn't seem to agree with my constitution, so I think I had better quit going.

"Mac, I am coming back to see you soon; this firm doesn't seem to like my way of looking at things. I am determined to be honest if the heavens fall, but I don't think they will fall either.

"As ever,

"JOHN."

When McGregor returned from Louisville he became one of the most regular attendants at the settlement. He frequently talked for the men. One of his talks will illustrate the intensity of his feelings, even in the quiet of the club room.

"I heard a socialist say in a speech recently: 'Gold is god in America.' By his gesture and tone I knew he believed it. And he is no fool. Not

only does he believe that 'Gold is god in America,' but he was applauded by about five hundred working men who heard him say it. And they are not fools either. Neither were they mad. Many of them were quietly smoking cigars which they held between their teeth while they applauded. On that same Saturday night, there were hundreds of other labor meetings being held all over America, and millions of men, working men, were applauding similar sentiments.

"The supremely important fact about this state of affairs is not whether this statement is true. It may or may not be true. The all important question is do these millions of working men really believe that 'Gold is god in America'? Do they think that those that rule in business and in politics and in the Church are influenced more in their daily lives by money than by God? If one will take the trouble to attend a few labor meetings and hear socialist speakers, he will be overwhelmingly convinced that they do believe that business, politics, and the Church in America are ruled by the cold, hard hand of wealth.

"The time has come when rich men are to be judged by the character of their business. Back of a pagan business is a pagan, let his profession be what it may. The business of a Christian must be conducted not to make money, but as a civilizing and educative agency. If one is a Christian his first duty is to make his business Christian. If one professes to be a Christian and conducts his business

on unchristian principles his name is 'whited sepulchre.' There are some big sepulchres in this country and it takes millions of dollars each year to keep them whitewashed.

"Another reason why working men believe that gold is god in America is the habit of the government in showing deference to rich criminals and a lack of consideration to poor criminals. When the great and good senator, E. W. Carmack, of Tennessee, was murdered, the assassins, backed by wealth, were taken to jail in a closed carriage; were given the choice cells, which were then equipped with conveniences that made their life quite comfortable, were left with unlocked doors and given the privileges of the office and halls of the entire building. At the same time a poor suspect, wounded in a riot in West Tennessee, lay in the city hospital in a dying condition with his feet blistering in heavy chains. There were extenuating circumstances favoring the man in the hospital; but being poor and having no rich friends he had to suffer like a dog, while the more cruel murderers in jail were accorded the consideration of princes, because of money. Gold is god in government.

"Another reason why working men think gold is god is that the big city churches are ruled by wealth. At least they think so. These churches uniformly elect only rich men on their official boards, not because they are the most consecrated men, but because they give more to the church. The big city church is a financial institution conducted

on the basis of a club. A few rich men really decide everything. The church is built to please the oligarchy, it is located for the oligarchy, and the services are conducted for the sake of the oligarchy. This oligarchy chooses the preacher, not for the Gospel he preaches, but for what he keeps from preaching. They are fearfully concerned about having a safe orthodox preacher. They pay a quartet to sing and show off as a sort of theatrical background for the sermon; not because they appreciate the music, nor because the people care a flip for the quartet in church, but because they have become accustomed to hearing something that sounds like it at the matinée, and so they would feel horrified not to be in style. But it isn't worship. I defy anybody to really worship while a modern quartet is in operation. It is impossible. You can't do it even with your eyes shut. Now if the leaders in business and in government and in the church do not quit playing false for money, then I predict that our country will be in the grip of socialism within two decades. The present conditions are utterly intolerable. Simply let God be God and the God-fearing people will be satisfied, but they will never be at peace while gold is god anywhere."

At the close of this speech Miss Rishnell arose and said: "Mr. McGregor, I don't want to contradict what you have been saying because it is all too painfully true, but I do wish to say a few words in defense of some wealthy people I know, who are as

loyally following Christ as the humblest poor man who walks in His steps. Gentlemen, many of you know a Mrs. Frank Wiseman who comes out here once a week and teaches in our industrial school. But most of you don't know that she is one of the wealthiest women in the city. She has a magnificent home simply but elegantly furnished. Her mode of life is also very simple. I believe she spends less money on what you consider the luxuries of life than some of you do. Her husband occupies such a position that she has had unexcelled opportunities for travel and culture. And though she comes out weekly, and has often met you and your mothers and sisters, none of you have been able to discover by her dress or actions the slightest selfishness or lack of sympathy. You have never seen any parade of jewelry or silks, or expensive furs, or carriage with brilliant equipage, or automobile. She usually comes out here on the street car, often walks and stops at some home and leaves a delicacy, which she herself has prepared, for some sick child.

"Not only so, but you remember when Nora ——— was taken away by her brutal father and consigned to a life of sin in that vile place in Guthrie? I wanted to go to bring the child back, but my board was not willing to spend so much money on what they regarded as an impossible thing. It was Mrs. Wiseman's money that paid the expenses of that trip. You doubtless remember also when Sally ——— got mixed

up with that worthless boy and as everybody expressed it 'was going to the dogs.' One hundred dollars was needed to place her in the industrial school, a carriage was needed to carry her out there. Mrs. Wiseman furnished both.

"Shall I also refer you to the time when Carrie ——— was so badly used up over at the canning factory? Money was needed to provide medical service, a lawyer was needed to see that she got justice and redress for her injuries. I simply telephoned Mrs. Wiseman and she employed her own physician and lawyer. I could cite other incidents, when, after a simple 'phone call, her grocer has delivered baskets of provision to suffering families, and until now no one except Mrs. Wiseman and I and God have known where all this money and help have come from.

"Now, she is not the only wealthy person who helps this institution and your people in this quiet, beautiful way. There are several others. I know Mr. McGregor's statements are true, but he hasn't stated all the truth. I don't want you men to go out from here and feel bitter in your hearts towards the rich folk, because that would be just as sinful on your part as the worship of gold is on theirs. I want you to recognize true nobility of character wherever you find it, whether among rich or poor. I believe it is as wrong for us to think or say that all rich people are selfish and hypocritical, as it is for them or us to think or say that all poor people are shiftless and criminal. In the sight of God I

would just as soon be the one as the other. In eternity they will both come out even.

"It is painful to me to know that Mr. Reynolds' stable cost more than any ten of these homes in Hell's Acre combined, and that he spends more money on his servants and horses and automobiles than is spent to educate all the children in this ward. He spends more for cigars than for the conversion of the whole heathen world! But on the other hand there is Mr. Reid, of that large lumber concern, you all know him, who conducts his business along thoroughly Christian lines and any one of his employees would die for him any minute. Not long since I heard Mrs. Lomar of the Episcopal Church say that she could not possibly give more than ten dollars this year to home and foreign missions, when only the week before I was in her home when she paid forty-seven dollars for her winter hat and $115 for winter furs. But at the same time I recall Mrs. Rawlings, who lives just out of this city and is very wealthy, who gives more to missions yearly than she spends on herself and her three beautiful children. I hope none of you will take exceptions to these remarks. Gentlemen, you must not allow bitterness of spirit to separate you from the wealthy class of people. You need them and they need you, and the only way we can get together and be mutually helpful is by each giving the other a 'square deal.'"

Mr. McGregor had a very sympathetic nature. His kindness to his aged mother was very beauti-

ful. And after all, one's real character is to be seen in his home. One may simply be playing a part in public and wear a false veneer of nobility of spirit, but in the home his true worth is known. This explains many tragedies of life. A husband or wife finds that the one who was held as the dearest on earth is in reality a hypocrite. Then in despair, disappointed love seeks the wedlock of death in preference to a living lie. It is also this knowing all and trusting supremely that make other homes so wonderfully happy.

McGregor was a poor man. While he was at college his mother had taken in sewing to make money to help put him through school. All that he had saved since graduation had been put in a little cottage home far out on the edge of the city. That was his joy. He worked the garden and kept the yard with his own hands. His yard was a blooming paradise of flowers. He enjoyed the flowers most of all because his old mother would walk out with him as they talked of the beauty and fragrance, and she would praise and thank him for making the home so lovely. I have never seen anything more exquisitely charming than his gentle courtesy, loving kindness and thoughtfulness to his mother. I have been in that sweet cottage home when his attention to her surpassed that of any lover for his friend, because his devotion was so natural and spontaneous and fervent and her joy was so evidently complete in his love for her. Whatever others thought of him made no differ-

ence, his mother believed in him absolutely. I had often wondered how he would ever live without her. For of all the persons that knew him, she seemed to be the only one who thoroughly understood him and fully appreciated him.

While I was away from home on an extended tour of the Southern colleges, his mother was taken suddenly ill. As Miss Rishnell knew her well, she, with McGregor, nursed her through those last anxious days. Just before death came Mrs. McGregor beckoned for John who was sitting a few feet away. He sat down by the bed and took her hand in his, kissing it tenderly. "My dear boy," she said, "don't lose heart. Jesus understands you. Just be true to Him. Meet me in heaven. I will look for you and pray for you up there till you come." She paused for breath, then continuing, her last word was: "You have been good to me, John, you have done your best. God bless you, my boy. May God bless you!" Then there was silence as she passed out into the great beyond, leaving her son in unutterable loneliness.

While I was conducting an institute at Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C., I received this letter:

"My dear friend Mac:

"My precious mother has ascended to heaven. She left us last Tuesday night. I wish I could see you. I want to tell you how I feel. I must tell some one. You know how mother and I were in our little home. But now all is so different. I

feel that I can't live without her. Heaven is very real to me now.

"You have known my doubts. Well, I am sure now that there is a heaven and that mother is there. My love for her is so powerful that I feel as if I could almost create a heaven for her myself. Yet God loves her more than I can and He loves us all. That Father love, that mother love, that all-compassing, that all-powerful love has prepared a home for her and us. Mac, I believe that with all my heart. It all seems clear to me now.

"You know people say that I am skeptical and they think that is sinful. They don't understand. If I can't believe a doctrine I can't. For me to talk as if I believed it when I really do not would be sin. I am sorry that people misunderstand me. But I would rather have everybody on earth call me an infidel than to be dishonest in thought. Mother said something just before she left that has been a wonderful help to me during these sorrowful hours. She said that Jesus understands me. Yes, thank God, He does, and I believe I understand Him.

"Mac, I wish I could tell you just how I feel tonight. I feel that I am a citizen of two worlds now. This earth though is no longer dear to me, except the new hallowed grave where her precious body lies. Yes, there is the old question—the resurrection? But I see it differently, too. Oh, I feel that my heart can all but pull that precious body out of the ground. And somehow, I believe, God will satisfy that longing, and somewhere I will see her in the body again or in a body,—at least I shall know and she will know; and I shall still be able to make her feel that I love her.

"I seem to live in almost hearing distance of mother. I know she thinks of me and is praying

for me, for I sometimes feel that her spirit is right with me. I have been wondering these days if possibly I cannot make her happy still by just living so that my life moment by moment may be such as to please her.

"She asked me to be true to Jesus. That is what I want. Oh, that I could just be as pure and true and genuine as Jesus! If I could just have His pity for others, His love, and be able to think His thoughts and have His ideals and purpose; oh, that would be my heaven indeed! If I could only have His character, I would gladly pour out my blood on the cross, or perish in the flames. Suffering would be sweet if it would only take away the sin and dross of my life and leave me perfect as He is perfect.

"Do you know that I have come to feel too that possibly this is the very best sort of a world in which to develop character. It is a school, and our discipline here is only a preparation for the real life that is to be.

"It seems strange that I should be writing you this way, Mac, but I wanted you to know. Yes, I will say now, pray for me. Prayer, too, is different now.

"May God bless you and your work is the prayer of your friend,

"JOHN.

"P. S.—By the way, Miss Rishnell was a perfect angel in her kindness to mother. I'll tell you more when you come. Eternity will not be long enough for me to repay her for her kindnesses to mother."

# VII

# The Speech of George Andrews

## VII

## THE SPEECH OF GEORGE ANDREWS

IT was a very cold afternoon in February, when I was told that an old gentleman was waiting at the door of my office to see me. On going out I found a man who appeared to be about seventy years of age, tall, broad shouldered, gray hair and mustache and a powerful jaw, large Roman nose and very small piercing gray eyes. He introduced himself as George Andrews and said that he had just returned from the heart of South America where he had been working as a missionary among the uncivilized Indians. He then asked the privilege of speaking before the students of the school. As the institution over which I preside is a training-school for missionaries, it seemed quite appropriate that he should be given an opportunity to represent his field, especially so since no Protestant missionary has ever worked in the territory he had visited. I asked him for his credentials. He had none, but he proceeded to tell me of his conversion and his experiences since. His story was so plausible that I decided to give him an hour and so asked him to return the next Friday evening, which was the regular time for our public weekly lectures.

In the meantime he arranged to speak before the theological seminary in the city, where his address

made a "sensational hit." The papers next morning wrote him up as the "Livingstone of South America." So much had been said of his speech at the seminary that when he came to our school a few days later, a large company of visitors assembled to hear the thrilling adventures of this strange missionary. By request of one of the morning papers, I had his speech taken down in shorthand which is given here precisely as it was delivered.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am indeed a stranger as your chairman has said, but thank God, I am not a stranger to the Lord Christ, whom we all love and serve. My object in coming here to-night is to tell you of how the Lord has been leading me. Six years ago I came over from South America as a gold mining prospector. I had made five trips into that continent as a placer gold miner. With the money thus made, I would come over to this country, put up at a hotel, and go around seeing the sights, spending my money in riotous living, drinking, making up sightseeing parties and going to theatres.

"My last mining trip was into Bolivia just after the Spanish War.

"I was in this war as scout for General Lawton. I was in all the fighting along San Juan and Santiago. At the completion of the fighting, quite a number of business men from America were at Santiago looking at the operations and had considerable money to invest in the island. But as they knew nothing of the country, they asked me

to make a trip up the island on an observation tour as they called it in their interests, to acquaint them with the natural resources of the country. After the completion of this ride up the trail of six hundred miles, I returned to New York, where my report was made to the business men for whom I had made the trip.

"Leaving New York, I went to San Francisco, prepared my mining outfit and started again for South America in search of gold. Getting together six mules, several Incas Indians, my concentrator and other equipment, I proceeded to the gold region of the Andes. This proved to be my last mining trip. I brought the money that I had made back to New York and putting up at a hotel, went around as usual seeing the sights.

"One afternoon I was sitting in the lobby of the hotel smoking, when two gentlemen came up to me and asked if I would not make up a party to go to Chinatown that evening and take that in as a sight-seeing. I consented to do so. After dinner we strolled into the hotel barroom, had a drink over the bar, lighted cigars and journeyed out towards Chinatown. Going down Broadway, we crossed over to the Bowery, and passing down that street we came to a place where a crowd stood on the sidewalk listening to singing. We stopped there and stood still for a while with the crowd. I asked one of the men, 'What place is this?' He answered, 'A mission.' Then, says I, 'What is a mission?' The answer I received, as he pointed to

the door, was, 'They have speaking and singing on the inside.' Says I, 'Let us go in a while.'

"Now as we began to elbow our way through the crowd to the door the singing ceased, and just as I came through the door the leader on the platform was giving out this text: 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I got every word of that text as I came through the door. As we walked up the aisle of the hall to listen to the discourse, the leader repeated the text. In a little while the men who were with me wanted to leave the hall. It was no place for them; for they were out for pleasure. So was I. We went out on the sidewalk. Instantly on getting out we began a controversy about going to Chinatown. I did not feel like going now; for up to this time I had never opened a Bible; had never been in a place of worship before. Consequently I knew nothing about God, only to blaspheme the name as they do today.

"And I said, 'Let's go back to the hotel.' Going over to Broadway, and on the way up, we began stopping in the hotel barrooms. But every place we entered, the wording of the text I heard going through the doorway of the mission would come up through my very soul. 'Everlasting life!' 'Everlasting life!' 'Everlasting life!' I could not account for it. I did not understand it. Till finally reaching the hotel and leaving those men on the

lobby floor, I went to the desk, got my key and went up to my room. I wished to be alone. Locking the door, I was alone.

"Taking a seat in the far end of the room I began trying to reason the whole thing out. I wondered if there was such a life to attain as 'everlasting life,' and how do you get it? I wondered if the man who gave out that text in the mission had everlasting life; how did he get it? Getting to my feet I began walking the room, quoting the text, for I had it in my heart. After a long time at this I got down on my knees by my bedside to pray—for the first time in all my life. Really I did not know how to pray. But I just began to cry: 'Give me everlasting life! give me everlasting life!' The wording of the text came to my aid, and I placed God in the prayer. 'Oh, God, give me everlasting life; give me everlasting life!' But there was nothing came from my praying as far as my feelings were concerned. No change in any way whatever. Getting to my feet I began walking the room, thinking, wondering and longing for something, I knew not what. Then for the second time I went and sat down close to the window looking out over that great, terrible city. While I sat there this time my past life, like a panorama, floated before me.

"I thought of myself as a newsboy, for when a little shaver I never knew the blessed influence of a father or mother or friend. I just came into the world somehow and drifted along like a little

animal. I don't know how I ever got my name or who gave it to me. Long before the Civil War, as a wee little tot, I found my way into Hell Kitchen in New York. There in Five Points and along the Bowery in the rookeries, I lived as an orphan.

"My associates daily were members of a gang of criminal boys who called themselves the 'Brigade of Dead Rabbits.' I soon learned of underground horrible dens where murderers worked. They called themselves 'wharf rats' and 'sewer rats.' I have seen dozens of trap-doors and partition devices for robbing and murdering people. I knew these fiends, lived with them, saw them engaging in their hellish work and never knew a pure, good man or woman till I entered the Civil War. That early life was hell indeed. You might say that most of my life has been lived in hell; for even in the Civil War and Indian Wars, my business was to kill people. Oh, how I hate that life now, and oh, how I do wish it had never been. As I look backward over fifty years the moans of the stranger, the muffled cry of some poor girl come ringing back from hell as those demons of the past, the murderers, thiefs and robbers would throttle their victims and hurl them through trap-doors into the sewer. Later some of these floaters or bodies would be found drifting out with the settling of the tide that carried off all waste and refuse from the dumps, along the East River, ocean bound. It was here that I knew Jerry McCauley as a young fellow. He was a frequenter of these dens that dispensed vile

whiskey in front, while in the rear was an elevated twenty-foot roped square for prize-fighting. Nightly these places would be packed to pull off a bare knuckle fight. The audiences were made up chiefly of thieves, murderers, and pimps who all stood in to share the spoils of their decoys, the vilest of women from the Five Points to lure their victims away to death. Police protection there was nothing in those days, for a single policeman would always fall in for a slugging. So two would go together, but keep shady for fear of a mauling. Conditions existing in politics were chiefly the cause of the life in the Five Points, and that great thoroughfare of sin and crime that led into it—the Bowery. Here the neglected, wayward boys and young men of the homes would drift and stray. Many would be found dead later on and the papers would call it suicide. It would go at that. But the decoys, those horrible women, could tell you that the fellows sitting around in soft hats pulled over their eyes had fixed them and dropped them through the trap into the sewer.

"I remember one Saturday night, a fine looking young man was brought into one of the worst dives. He was one of the most handsome fellows I ever saw. He evidently came from a home of wealth. But not knowing the world, he was out for a good time when he fell in with one of the decoys, one of those angels of hell. As he walked arm in arm with that vile woman, all the fellows smiled and looked at each other. He was very

handsomely dressed; so was she, and also beautiful. They looked really as if they might be man and wife from all outward appearances. But oh, the difference! He passed on in with that terrible woman. An hour or more after, I saw the same young man. Now he was in a stupor and unable even to walk. Two men had hold of him. They took off his rings and watch and robbed his pockets, and then pitched him head foremost down through a trap-door. In a few days the papers were full of talk about a lost young man. I cried the papers on the street, though I knew whom they were talking about. But I too was a boy with the gang and felt helpless. But oh, how horrible it all seems to me now! It may be the father and mother of that boy are living still and have been wondering all these years what became of their darling child. I could have told them then, but it would have meant death to me and I had no conscience then. All of that horrible past I thought of that night as I sat in the hotel room.

"Later I saw myself as a soldier in the Civil War; as a regular soldier where I had been doing picket duty and fighting along the Mississippi River. Later I was stationed in Oregon and California. I was in the Piute and Modoc Indian Wars. It was here I took up the study of the Indians, that is, their war tactics; and I became acquainted with all their signals, such as the smoke signals, the disappearing bush, blazed bark of trees and their tactics in the open. Owing to my general knowledge

of the Indian tactics I became scout for General Wheaten, General Canby and General Gillam. Now it was my duty to locate the stronghold of the Indian in warfare. To do this I would travel in the night-time; for in the daytime the Indian can look farther with the naked eye than we can with the best field-glasses. From high positions they would look miles away into our camps and see everything going on there; scouting parties leaving, wagon trains coming in from the opposite direction, and would get down and ambush the scouting party, shoot the escort and run off with the wagons.

"I can look back over those years and see myself sitting alongside of running streams and listening to the music of the sweet murmuring waters, or plucking wild flowers away in some place of safety. I could talk to those flowers. Each flower had its own individual life. The formation of a tree or bush, the singing of the birds and the shining stars above were things I loved.

"But nature showed me that all these things perished. As I looked into the animal life I saw them reproduce their kind and die. The vegetable kingdom was likewise ever dying. I saw them multiply their species and pass away. Even the mineral kingdom perished. While I sat there my mind was taken back into the great Andes Mountains of South America. There for a thousand miles along the coast after you leave the equator stands this wonderful range of mountains. You

can see its first formation as you see it from the steamer giving away towards the Pacific and the elements of the Pacific hurling it up and back on the lower pampas. There a new element that lives only on the pampas will take this material, sift and bleach and refine it to the consistency of flour and then hurl it across the pampas twenty miles beyond to the next elevation. In all this I beheld death, the elements of the Pacific removing the great Andes Mountains inland. Everywhere I looked I saw death ! death ! death ! That was my condition the night I went through the doorway of the mission. I could not point to a single thing that lived in the whole wide world. Everything died ! And I stood alone. Oh, the unutterable loneliness of that night.

" Going through the doorway of the mission, I had a thing of life offered in the text—everlasting life, and how to attain to it. Why, the struggle went on in that room till about two o'clock in the morning. At that hour it appeared that I had come to the end of all things ; for kneeling at my bedside this was the prayer I offered. I cried : 'Oh, God, snuff out this life, take it from me, but in its place give me the greater, the fuller life with Thee—everlasting life.' Now the Lord knew I meant every word of that prayer, that it was the sincere cry of a struggling soul that wanted to know Him. And as I made the prayer still kneeling at the bedside, my whole being yearning to know God and to gain everlasting life, suddenly a

new wonderful peace and joy was breathed into me. As I arose to my feet in my utter astonishment and stood for a moment, my eyes went heavenward, and it appeared in that instant as if the curtain of heaven was rolled away in my case, and I knew my God, my Father, my Creator face to face, and cried: 'I've got it!' my hands going spontaneously into the air as I cried: 'I've got it!'

"Oh, the joy that flooded my being from that moment. For over an hour I thought the Lord was really going to take me at my word and take me home, for the joy that filled my soul in that room. It was something wonderful. I laid down on the bed about four o'clock and went to sleep.

"When I awoke it was about nine o'clock in the morning. I started for the dining-room for breakfast. As I approached the dining-room door, big Jim, the head waiter, stood at the door, a great big handsome fellow. I used to think a great deal of Jim, jolly him and tip him occasionally. But going up to him this morning I said, 'Jim, I've got everlasting life this morning.' He said, 'What, sir?' 'I've got everlasting life this morning,' and quoted the text to him and told him how I got it, and said: 'Jim, it's the only thing that lives in this world. The Lord has made a way of escape from this world of death to the whosoever believeth on the Son of God should not perish but have everlasting life.' And I said, 'Jim, you have your part to do in order to complete this great gift from God in your own soul. For the Lord's part is all com-

plete in the death of His Son, Jesus Christ. Jim, if you need salvation you must want it more than you want any gift that this world can give you, and in that spirit come before God and His Holy Spirit will witness with your sincere cry that you are His child, that you are born again.' I continued to plead with him that he should do his part, as he had a part in this great plan of redemption from sin, which the Lord alone had instituted for the salvation of man unto Himself through Jesus Christ.

"Leaving Jim I went into the dining-room to the table that I usually sat at. Two men came to wait on me. I began to tell them what I had and how I got it. Leaving the dining-room around ten o'clock I returned to my room—that hallowed place to me. I lay down again on the bed. As I had not rested the previous night, I fell asleep. When I awoke it was dark. I had slept all that day.

"Just about the time I awoke I heard music. There was a band coming down the street. I recognized the Salvation Army band by the big drum. Jumping to my feet and getting myself in order, I ran down into the street, and went to the corner where they held their meeting. Getting out before the people assembled, I began to tell them that every one assembled had his part to do in order to complete this great gift from God in his own soul; for God was waiting at that moment for the sincere cry from any one of them to give them the witness of His Holy Spirit, to assure such a seeker

that he was His child, born again into the life everlasting through Jesus Christ.

"Next morning I stood in my room with a new creation, a new being, a new life in Jesus Christ, a child of God. I had considerable money from my mining trip, but what to do in the new life I did not know. Finally getting on my knees before God I asked Him what I should do. While I was praying He showed me what I should do. It came to me from heaven—'South America; go to South America.' I knew much of South America in those days, having made five trips into the continent as a placer gold miner. I had travelled the Andes Mountains from Ecuador to the extreme southern end to the Straits of Magellan. So getting to my feet I began my preparations to return. Going down to pier fifty-seven to find out when the steamer started for the Isthmus of Panama, I found it went out next day. Then going into a department store I made purchases of articles I should need on the trip. I had them all packed up and sent down to the wharf. Next day I was aboard that steamer on my way to South America by way of the Isthmus of Panama, under the leadings of the Almighty.

"Reaching Colon, on the Atlantic side, I went across the Isthmus on the Panama Railroad to Panama. There I tarried five days for the Chilian steamer that comes up from Valparaiso, Chili, every ten days. On its return trip it went down along Ecuador and Peru. I got off at a place called Hol-

lendo on the coast and then journeyed up through the Andes Mountains to the city of La Paz in Bolivia.

"Now I call the city of La Paz the jumping-off place of Spanish civilization, for no other large city extends so far inland. All the civilization is along the coast in these several republics and all that civilization is Spanish with the mixture of Indian. Formerly there lived along the coast Indian tribes who are now extinct under the Spanish conquest and occupancy, which extends along the coast 4,000 miles. The Spaniards by living with these tribes gave birth to a new people, who are a cross-breed between the worst civilization and the best barbarism. But the names of the countries are taken from the original tribes. For instance Chili takes its name from the Chilian Indians. Peru gets its name from the Peruvians. But these tribes no longer exist.

"The civilized Indian of the continent from the Pacific side is the Incas of the Andes. They are a very large numerous tribe ranging the mountains southward for hundreds of miles with offshoots of six other tribes under different names. On the eastern slopes of the mountains particularly you will find the Incas in tribes living in a semi-savage state. I began missionary work with the Incas, but in a short while found I could do but very little with these people. For being in contact with Spanish civilization they are brutalized to-day. After an Indian is brutalized and degraded by Ro-

man Catholicism and whiskey then he needs no edifice to worship in, for the mere animal superstition finds in image worship an all-sufficient comfort. There they are in their blighted state of ignorance brought about by exploiters of their manhood, virtue, health and country. So between superstition and this horrible rum curse, I asked the Lord to take me away from the influence of the Spaniard.

"Then I was led away into the wilderness. God's will seemed clear to me. Securing a strong young horse I rode away from La Paz, going down the Beni River on trail for about 325 miles. At that place I left the river before it flowed into the Madeira. Travelling a course of north by east I made a long journey of not less than 400 miles. There I struck into the outskirts of the Amazon Basin. Swimming rivers and tributaries I journeyed on and on till I came to a great jungle of rubber. Going around the north of this jungle and up the eastern side I came on the first tribe of Indians who had never seen the Spaniard.

"They had their own language and customs. Here I began living with these people. I stayed in this village about three weeks. Ten miles further south I came on another tribe. All along the eastern side of this rubber jungle, which extends probably 250 miles south, were many villages, tribe after tribe living in their own way, free from any drink that would intoxicate, living primitive lives, dependent for food on the animal life and the birds and the wild nuts and fruits that grow every-

where. The seasons are regular and the rainfall is nearly even the year round. The temperature is about 90° during the day. The closer towards the Amazon the hotter it is. Journeying south from this great river and its lowlands, you come into a delightful climate. Living along the eastern side of this impenetrable jungle, I was deeply impressed with the various noises, notes of birds and animals which came to me from the hidden depths beyond. The variation of this melody of deep heavy sounds with the sharp, shrill piercing cries of something unearthly, unknown, set me to thinking as to what animals or creatures might be inhabiting that unknown vast country of rubber. I could not go beyond the rim or edge where tribes and villages of wild men were living. I often wondered and wondered what could be beyond in those impenetrable depths.

"During the Spanish War I have repeatedly been in the jungles in Cuba, in Santiago and Puerto Principe Provinces. I lived in the jungle weeks at a time, but there is no animal life there to compare with that of the rubber jungle. During the day flocks of devil birds, a few stray parrots, mocking-birds, and the soaring of the buzzard make up the life of a Cuban jungle, while at night an occasional cry of an owl is all there is to break the stillness. But you could take all the jungles of Cuba and place them in the heart of this great jungle of the continent and lose them all, so great is the vast jungle of rubber. As month after month went by

I travelled southward along this great creation, living a few weeks in each village, and burning with a great desire if possible to enter that jungle.

"So one morning leaving a village where I had stayed for two weeks, I found about two miles beyond quite a large stream coming out of the jungle. It was likely sixty yards wide. How quiet it appeared with hardly any perceptible flow. Instantly I saw how I could enter the jungle. So riding back to the village I began killing a few animals, jerked or dried this meat in order to live on it as I went up the stream. I took several Indians over to the stream where we selected four logs and secured them fast with wild vines. Getting the raft into the water I had the Indians bring me armfuls of wild grass, with which I plugged the crevices of the raft very tight and secure in order to have a level place to lie down. Then I got my arms and provisions aboard, and procuring a long pliable pole I began shoving the raft up the waterway.

"For three weeks I kept going up-stream. I met with hard places sometimes where the trees had fallen on either side of the stream and interlocking in a dense mass of growth. At these places I used the machete to cut a way through. I had been going this way till the end of the second week, when I came on the alligators lying on either side of the stream. As I advanced daily the alligators increased in numbers until one afternoon, about two hours before dusk, the stream widened out into a sort of lake. Standing up on the raft I

began surveying this lake. The one thing that impressed me most was the number of alligators. In every direction their heads were above water. Apparently hundreds were lying around the edges where the waters were shallow and on the banks they were crawling over one another. For some time I stood there on the raft looking beyond and around. From depths impenetrable came every conceivable strange noise which seemed to give vent to a melody of rejoicing, as the birds took to their roosting places to make way for the great lizards that crawl by night. Later the great animals and the night birds made the jungle hideous with their howls and cries. I lay down on the raft and began to eat some of the jerked meat, with my head resting on the grass pillow, occasionally drinking water from the stream by leaning over to the outer log and lapping the water to my mouth with my hand.

"Once while drinking this way I felt the raft shake and sink on the opposite side. Turning quickly I encountered an enormous alligator's head right over me. Quick as a flash I drew my machete and as I looked into his little eyes I struck him along the jaw with the broadside, hoping he would leave. Not so, for he began climbing up on the raft. So bracing myself I made a sweeping cut across the mouth, cutting a great gash. He then rolled off into the water, striking the raft with his tail and raising it out of the water, so hard and powerful was the blow. He then be-

gan to bleed from the blow I gave him. The blood attracted the other alligators, so that they came around by hundreds and seemed to be as thick as fish. Holding to the pillow of grass to steady myself I waited, machete in hand, to chop the first one who would make an effort to climb up on the raft. There I sat far into the night, while the alligators were swimming around. For hours thus I had to wait, and it was only towards morning that I attempted to lie down, but not to sleep.

"When the new day came I determined not to venture within, for likely it would mean the destruction of both the raft and myself. So I concluded to return at once. On the way back the bird life through the day was remarkable and very interesting. I could see them only as they flew over me. When darkness came on I would take up a position for the night. Then early in the evening the wild animal life would begin to move out and soon the jungle would be alive with their cries. Often I could hear a large animal coming towards the stream, nearer and nearer. Then he would plunge in, swim to the opposite side, shake himself and run away into the jungle. The confusion of sounds would continue till early morning about two o'clock, when every sound would cease. This great impenetrable mystery of creation would become deathly still. The unutterable stillness of the jungle was the most awful thing I ever experienced. It was so oppressive that I longed to hear again the noises which would begin at daybreak.

"After leaving the jungle and securing my horse at the village I rode towards north by east about 300 miles. There I came on a great forest of mahogany. I travelled along the western side of the forest probably for 150 miles. Along its entire length Indians were living in villages, many living in each of the villages. I spent two or three weeks in each village to learn their way and customs and to study their form of worship. Most of them worshipped the forest. They would select a tree for their worship, placard it with symbols and characters, bring their offerings of trinkets of wild seeds, place them around the base of the tree, set them afire and then forming a circle around the tree and clasping hands begin a wild, mad dance. An outer circle would stand waiting to take the place of any who might fall out exhausted. So that in this manner all would have a place in this great dance, which would go on into the night. After their weird performance at worship I would try to convey to them the meaning of God by means of the Indian sign language and try to abolish the worship and other abominable customs that exist in many of the tribes.

"Thus working and living in villages innumerable I journeyed on as the months and years rolled by. Somehow it became a habit with me to live only two or three weeks in each village. I wanted to meet all the tribes. In order to accomplish this I kept on the move. So going on till the forest of mahogany was traversed and then changing my

route somewhat westward by following up the course of a feeder or small stream I came on the Rock Indians—two tribes. They lived in the open. The two tribes were evidently one originally, but had some time divided, each having its own chief. There I abode three weeks. Their dwellings were in the rocks, which had been scooped out of the cliffs and crevices. Under the shadows of these rock formations these tribesmen had lived for generations.

"While I was here with these people, the tribesmen began to tell me of tribes of head-hunters living at a great distance beyond. Every day they would talk about these people living in the distance. Becoming interested as I daily listened to their reports about these people I determined one afternoon that in the morning I would start out to find them.

"Going to some of the tribesmen I asked them what were their implements of war. They told me that they blew poisoned arrows through blowpipes. Then I asked them how far they could blow a poisoned arrow. Five or six of them marked the range on the ground. So having the range of their arrows, I went to rest. When morning came I went to some of the same tribesmen and asked them to go along with me to find the head-hunters. Not one of them could I get to move. Then I found they had a superstitious dread of these people beyond. In many cases they had found the bodies of their companions as they had ventured into that

country lying headless. The head-hunters had ambushed them, thrown poisoned arrows into them and had taken their heads back to their village. Not one could I get to go with me. It just took me about five minutes to make up my mind what I should do, and that was to leave everything I had —horse and all—behind with the Rock men and to start out on foot to try to find those people.

"When I started out I had my Winchester carbine, revolver, hunting knife, machete in a scabbard down my side, and some matches in a steel box. As I advanced into their country I knew from elevated positions they could see me and would likely get down and try to ambush me by blowing poisoned arrows into me. But I knew they could not do that, for it has been the study of my life for years for me to discover the ambush places of the Indians. So I did not feel any concern about that. When I was hungry I would kill parrots, clean them, put a stick through them, make a fire, toast them and in this way have my meal with the wild fruits that grow everywhere. When I came to a place where I thought I had made twenty-five miles, I would select a position to lie down. The formations of the country would give me such a place.

"Now when I lay down for the night nothing could approach me from any direction within fifty yards without waking me. When I am aroused I lie perfectly still to find out what woke me. It will always show itself in about ten minutes. I

have never been deceived in this once in all my life. It has been acquired by a life of discipline in the open. My chief enemy was the puma. Quite often in riding along have I come on eight or ten of these animals just as ferocious and large as the tigers of Africa. On first seeing these droves, the horse would attempt to run away, but with a little petting and soothing talk, I could get him to face them. But the poor fellow, as he thus stood, he would tremble with fear. While holding him in position I would look on and study the animals. They come together thus, and then after some time as they begin to get hungry one by one they would leave. And so on the drove would disappear. Not one would come in my direction. They all had seen us, but none of them hungry enough to make an attack.

"Just so is it on seeing the boa, the huge snake. Always when hungry he is on the limbs of trees waiting and on the alert for prey. Usually they select a tree skirting the forest close to open land where animals feed. There they wait. Animals living in the open usually seek the shade of the forest at midday. Let one come close to the tree the serpent is on him instantly. He will whip his forty feet of body like a flash around the animal, and if you could stand close you would hear the bones of the animal crack from the awful pressure applied by the serpent, during the instant it takes him to accomplish his work.

"Now I was sure the Indians in the village knew

where I was every day's journey. The Indians on the elevations had communicated back to the village that some one was coming towards them. But they seemed to keep away from me. And sure enough as I was coming through a wooded section into a great open place beyond, I could see in the distance the village. Behind it were trees that grew by a feeder of a river or large stream. There out in the open stood six or seven hundred of the tribesmen waiting for me. For a moment standing still I began looking at them. As they made no movement to come to me, I went towards them. On drawing close I saw for the first time that a great many of them had spears. Then I stood still away from the range of the spear; for they can throw a spear three times further than they can shoot a poisoned arrow. We stood thus for a while looking at each other. Then I began to wonder how I could get close enough to talk in the Indian sign language. It came about this way.

"They have tame monkeys that live in the villages, scores of them that are born in the village, raised with the children. Now these tame monkeys will not consort or have anything to do with the wild monkeys of the forest.

"As we stood looking at each other, there came between us five or six tame monkeys. I saw my opportunity and quick to take a chance I shot one of them. At the crack of the rifle the Indians all broke and ran for the village, leaving the dead monkey. When the Indians broke and ran I

started for the dead monkey, and picking him up I held him in the air with my rifle and walked towards them. Quite a number of the Indians stopped still to look at me as I held the monkey in my left hand. Then turning the monkey around I began to point to the wound in the monkey. Then as I advanced, throwing the stock of the rifle, I pointed to the hole in the gun. Then taking a cartridge from my belt and raising it in my right hand, both hands up now and advancing I put the cartridge down to the hole in the gun. As I was close enough now to look into their eyes, I saw they got the idea that the little cartridge going through the hole in the gun had killed the monkey.

"Now you always have to take the lead idea on a savage; never let him get the lead. If so they likely will begin throwing spears. I had the lead from the very first and so I walked right into them, and not one of them attempted to throw a spear or shoot a poisoned arrow. Getting among them I began to talk in the Indian sign language. Then as we had not reached the village yet I pointed towards it and started and they all followed. On reaching the village they brought me food to eat —fish speared in the feeders of the tributary, cooked on hot stones. They also brought monkey meat. They threw their spears through a certain species of the wild monkey, pulled off the pelts and cooked them on hot stones. A great many brought fruit. There was an abundance to eat. Nature has made ample provision by providing an abundance of

animal life and the dozen or so of wild fruits. They dry the fruit by hanging up bunches strung together and drying it like you would jerked meat. They never cultivate a thing. No effort is made to till the soil, for they know nothing about it and they don't have to learn. All their needs are bountifully supplied in the fruits and animal life.

"I lived with these people for three months. The first two weeks I went among them to find out just what they worshipped. Visiting their shacks and observing their daily lives in the open, I came to the conclusion at the close of two weeks that they were a people without any worship whatever. Even in their burial rites which is very simple there is no sign of worship. An old tribesman died at this time, and I went out with the party to observe the burial ceremony. We travelled likely three miles from the village, till we came on some mud shacks. I stood at the door while they were placing the body down. They then opened the door and carried the body inside. I also entered and saw a circle of bodies sitting mummified or dried from the atmosphere. I was surprised that they had no odor about them at all. Where the circle ended they brought the body of the tribesman and sat him up alongside the last one. Then all went out the door, which was soon closed with a little mud which was made up and thrown against the door in places where it was needed to keep out the animal life. There was no sign of worship or of religious feeling so far as I could detect. Their

interest in mere life is apparently their nearest approach to worship. They are really a wonderful people in their imitation of the animal, bird, and insect life around them. This seems to be a sort of substitute for worship.

"We went out one day with some dozen of nude tribesmen to see the great drove of monkeys as they passed on to their feeding ground. We took up a good position in the forest and then waited. Finally they came. The head of the drove instantly halted to a standstill. Then seeing me wearing a hat and clothes and having arms their curiosity was aroused, and they were deeply concerned about me. Then the whole drove stopped about me and began to set up an awful clatter. Instantly the Indians began to go through all sorts of gestures accompanied by sounds of speech. Then the monkeys would answer back in the same sort of way. Presently they began to move in a half circle from us. Then the whole drove passed on by us, all looking towards us chattering and making the woods alive with their sounds, which continued for an hour as if a storm was passing, so numerous were the twigs and leaves that fell from the trees to the ground. Thinking they had gone on to the feeding grounds, I asked the Indians through signs whether they had. They explained that the monkeys would be back. Sure enough they soon struck us from another quarter and began circling around us; so that from the place we stood, I could look up into the tree tops from every direction and see nothing but

monkey life. The species would hold together intact like a regiment of soldiers, moving and keeping their company formations. In this great throng were likely nine or ten species or varieties of life.

"Again I have seen the Indian lie on his stomach on the ground in the open, close up to the grass and call an insect out of the grass in the notes of the insect. Other savages would stand around the one lying thus, to see how long he could hold the insect in the open. This is their pastime, taking turns at the game. The one lying down begins to chipper, then the insect comes out into the open. They all watch him eagerly as he takes a few turns around and starts for the grass. Then the Indian calls him back. The others laugh and play around. The struggle goes on till finally the insect gets back. Then getting to his feet they compare the time each held the insect in the open. This game goes on for hours at a time, showing that there is more in the instinct of the animal life than the mere notes of the insect and animal.

"These Indians will also imitate the birds perfectly. They warble in the notes of the birds so true that the birds will answer back from the tree tops.

"Seeing this wonderful imitation in nature life, which is a sort of substitute for worship, I wondered what I could do for them. Going to God on my knees, I asked the Lord what I should do. It came to me to teach them the alphabet of the English language.

"Now they had a large place in the village as level as a floor, tramped over by naked feet for years. I had it cleaned away nicely and then began to write the letters of the alphabet on the ground. I first wrote from A to G, so many letters at a time. There were hundreds of the tribe looking on as I cut these letters into the ground with a stick. After completing so many letters at a time from A to G, and getting them all back of me, I told them to repeat just what I said. Pointing to the letter A I cried 'A.' Instantly motioning to them, a number said 'A.' But wanting them all to repeat it and make a good start I pointed again to the letter A and cried 'A!' with a very effective gesture towards them all. Then they cried out 'A.' Having no further trouble in getting them to repeat then motioning to them and pointing to the letter B they all cried 'B.' Then C and they cried 'C.' Then D and they cried 'D'; and so on to the end of the alphabet.

"It was wonderful to see how correctly they pronounced. How clearly their imitation by sound was. It struck me that those people could be taught quickly to read. For in two weeks all the tribe had the letters so perfectly that I could not puzzle them on a letter anywhere. I would erase all these letters from the ground and then mark a solitary letter. They would all cry it out. Another letter, they would cry that; then another and so on till I saw I could not puzzle them. Then I came to the place when I wondered how I could

put these letters into words, so they could get the meaning of the words. I failed to see how I could do this. But I knew the Lord could show me. So wishing to be alone I walked out towards the forest to be alone in prayer.

"But many hundreds of the Indians followed after me. Seeing that it was impossible to be alone, I came back to the open place where they had learned their letters and there I kneeled down and prayed, while hundreds circled around. The cry of my heart to the Lord was that He would show me how I could put the letters into words. But the Lord does not answer our prayer the way we want sometimes. We plan the work according to our ideas how it should be done, but in our eagerness to plan and fulfill we may miss the right way. But if we are seeking His glory, He instantly straightens out our doing and illumines our hearts by the Holy Spirit, provided only that we are in divine order and are meeting the conditions so the Holy Spirit can live and work in us and through us. I found out, being alone with God for six years, that obedience is the supreme word in the Christian life. The Spirit of God within will always answer the cry of the obedient heart. We should have the closest relationship with God as our Father, and being His children we should have the habit of instant and absolute obedience.

"Holding on to the Lord in prayer, it came to me while on my knees to leave them. Getting to my feet, and as the circle grew larger from me,

looking into their smiling faces, I told them that in the morning I would go away and leave them. After a moment or two when they fully understood what I meant then for the first time I saw the smile leave their faces. Then in a little while the cry of 'wahi' began to be heard. It was taken up by the whole village. The cry continued for likely an hour. Then they began to hitch the letters of the alphabet to the cry of 'wahi,' which means chief. Each of them had all the letters, but each one had selected one of the letters as his very own. He liked the sound of that letter better than any other. So every time he would cry 'wahi' he would hitch that letter on to it thus—'wahi L,' 'wahi O,' 'wahi W,' and so on. There was no meaning in any of the letters as yet. It was the only thing that had come into their lives from the outside. This cry went on into the night. I got so tired I crawled into my shack to rest, for I really meant to go away.

"When morning came, after eating, I left the village with 200 of the tribesmen to make twenty-five miles a day. Travelling all day we finally made camp about an hour before dusk. I took a seat under a tree, while nearly all the tribesmen started out to gather wild fruit to eat, leaving likely a dozen lying about me on the ground. Presently on glancing towards a wooded place we had passed through, I saw women and children coming trooping towards us, children ten and twelve years old. By the time it got dark it seemed to me as if 1,500 women and

children had come to camp. They had travelled all day, a distance of twenty-five miles from the village. As these beautiful people gathered around us, I began to wonder what it all meant, and whether I had really got God's message correct back in the village that I should leave these people. But instantly looking up to heaven, the prayer on my heart was, 'If it is Thy will, O God, that I should return, Thy will be done!' I wanted to pray over this, but could not go to prayer until I got them all asleep.

"That night when they saw me lie down at about ten o'clock, they all lay down. It was about eleven o'clock when sitting up and glancing over camp, I found the camp asleep. Then crawling out some distance under some trees, I got on my knees before God to ask Him all about it, whether I should return to the village with these people. Everything above seemed dark that night. So tired and weary was my body that I would shift my position from my knees. Sitting, to rest myself, so used up was my condition, I fell asleep in a little while. In this position, after twelve o'clock, I found I had fallen asleep. Knowing it, for the relief that came, the thought occurred that I had done something terrible—that I should fall asleep in the presence of God. Instantly I was on my knees before God and asked His forgiveness, and I knew He had forgiven me by the joy that came into my heart. Then holding on to the Lord further for my dealings with this people it came

that I should return. After further prayer, and nothing further coming I went to sleep. When I awoke I found they had been out and brought in fruit.

"It was while eating that my coming back outlined itself that I should bring back object lesson books with the Gospel of St. John. After eating I told them all to go back to the village, that I surely would return. They all obeyed, only a few that wanted to come. I had the tribesmen drive them back. Then resuming our journey we travelled on and on till we came within thirty miles of the next tribe. Being enemies of each other they could not come any farther. Here I parted with the last of the tribe, and as far as they could see me in the distance they took up the cry of 'wahi.' They kept this up till away in the distance it grew so faint, that standing still for a moment or two, so they could get a last look at me, the faint cry of wahi came to me like echoes from the forests. Leaving them I travelled into the Rock Indian tribes where my horse was.

"After resting up here for two days I got on my horse and bade the Rock men good-bye and God's blessing and faced homeward towards the Andes Mountains—1,200 miles beyond. That was a long trip—something over four months. My horse had lost his nerve and had grown old. The wild animal life had taken all his nerve. He was a young horse coming in. Now he was an old decrepit animal with hardly strength to carry me. So that days I

would walk ahead, and as he followed on close behind how faithful were his efforts as day by day for weeks he held on. How many times in talking to him, had I told him that I would stand by him to the last, and not leave his carcass to be devoured by the animals. I almost felt we were kin. So with patience and gentleness and words of encouragement together we swam streams, passed through tribes of savages, finally reaching the Andes. Then the long ascent of the mountains, that taxed all his strength.

"At last we reached La Paz. Turning him over to a Spaniard who had other animals to care for I left him in his charge. I came on down to the coast to wait for a steamer to Hollendo. Getting aboard the steamer I journeyed to Callio, five days away, then steamed on to Guyacul in Ecuador, six days' steaming away, reaching this place about ten in the morning. Then we steamed out for Panama, five days away. I was sitting alone up on the spar deck, looking out on a steamer all lighted up passing in the opposite direction, when I heard singing. As I listened I found it was in the English language. I tried to get the words in the body of the hymn, for it was a hymn, but could not till it came to the chorus. And this was what I heard clearly: 'I'm a child of a King, I'm a child of a King.' Leaping from my seat to the deck for an instant thinking I had gone home, and as I was going up and in the angels above were singing that I was a child of the King. I began to

trace the singing. It was a three-deck steamer. On going down on the berth deck I found on my own steamer black men singing these beautiful hymns. Going up to them and getting a book I sat up all that night singing, and I stayed with these men till we reached Panama. There I went over the workings of the canal along the strip to acquaint myself with the work. Then taking a Jamaica negro we explored the southern side of five miles and forty-seven in width to look at the soil for orange, banana and pineapple culture.

"I am here to get an outfit, and just as soon as my outfit is completed, I will make the same trip back with the books. At La Paz two mules will be secured for the trip, a pack animal and riding mule. We will have nine large streams, with probably twenty smaller ones on this 1,200 mile ride. Indian tribes to pass through till we come to the tribes of the Rock Indians. I can see the head-hunters from elevated positions waiting and looking towards the Rock tribes for my entrance into their country. And when they see me coming they will flash the news back to the village that I am on the way. I see the whole village coming out to meet and greet me on the way likely fifty miles within. When we get to the village and I begin to distribute the books, the first piece of paper they have ever seen, and look on the objects they are familiar with, they will begin to put the letters into words and get the meaning of the words. Such a wonderful people are they that I see them read-

ing in from five to six months in the English language. The Lord shows me the salvation of this tribe after they get the meaning of God and His Son Jesus Christ, after they come to the knowledge that God really has a way, His own divine plan of redemption for all who will go His way. I see them coming and becoming sons of the living God. They are remarkable people indeed, beautiful faces, Indian profile, light color, handsome forms, a little above the medium size, graceful and refined in manner, very cleanly in person, bathing in the tributary, never without the smile on all their faces. Surely the Lord has chosen this tribe to go out to all the other tribes as messengers of salvation and peace."

# VIII

# The Discovery of Andrews' Record

## VIII

## THE DISCOVERY OF ANDREWS' RECORD

THE speech of Andrews made a profound impression. Five students volunteered to go back with him to open a mission to the uncivilized Indians in the heart of South America. Several business men became so vitally interested that they offered to provide the necessary money for the outfit in order that he might be enabled to return without delay to his mission. I explained that the importance of the proposed enterprise required the most careful and thorough planning, and that as Mr. Andrews was a stranger to us we would have to work out the details of such an undertaking with him privately before any further steps could be taken. When the audience was dismissed he was completely encircled by the company, all vying with each other to show him the attention due a very hero.

Having noticed McGregor sitting back in the audience listening with rapt attention to the speech, I was anxious to get his opinion of the man. So I had him go up to my study to talk the matter over. "Sawney," I asked, "what do you think of that speech?" He began by saying: "Well, Mac, before I answer that question, I want to know who

that man is? What do you know about him?" When I explained that I knew absolutely nothing except what he told in his own speech, McGregor looked at me with questions shining out all over his face. He then remarked: "The first thing I advise you to do is to investigate your man." I saw instantly that he had been studying Andrews very closely, and so I pressed him for his estimate.

He proceeded lawyer-like to analyze Andrews' speech: "Well," said McGregor, "I am quite as much interested in the man as in his message. It seems to me that in his biographical sketch there are at least two psychological impossibilities. In the first place I can hardly believe his account of his conversion. He claims that he had never seen a Bible, nor heard a sermon, nor associated at all with Christian people. That is, he knew absolutely nothing about the Gospel and the Christian life up to the time he entered the door of the mission in the Bowery. He was there only a few minutes, and the only Gospel he heard was the text and the only part of it that impressed him deeply was the phrase 'everlasting life.'

"Now, that is not enough Gospel to produce such a marvellous conversion. Not only that, but here is a man who did not so much as know the word 'mission,' much less its content. But a few hours after he hears the term for the first time, he is converted in his room alone. Then without one word of instruction, but after a nap of a few hours he goes down to breakfast a fully developed mis-

sionary who proceeds without the slightest hesitation to preach a sermonette in technical theological language to the first man he sees and a few hours later is engaged in street preaching with the Salvation Army. More than that, on the third day after conversion without interviewing any one whatever on the subject he starts for South America as a missionary. Now that may have happened just that way; I don't say it did not. But I will say this; if it really did take place as reported, then this experience is a psychological miracle, and more wonderful than the cure of the Gadarene demoniac from whom went a legion of evil spirits vile enough to set a whole herd of hogs crazy."

McGregor's remarks were having quite a chilling effect on my enthusiasm, but his look of pity for my stupidity in not having seen all this put me on the defensive. So I asked: "But don't you feel that Andrews is a sincere man?" "Well, I'll grant you that a great deal of that speech has the ring of reality about it. He certainly lived through a large part of that story; I can't help but believe that quite a good deal of it is genuine narrative. On the other hand there are some notes in that speech that do not accord with my judgment.

"Another questionable point is his leaving the regular army. He didn't explain that, and I doubt if he can satisfactorily. With his physique, intelligence and temperament he ought to have made a fine soldier. He evidently liked that kind of a life. There must, therefore, be some good reason

why he isn't in the regular army now. I should like to have that cleared up.

"Then what about his gold mining? It is inconceivable to me that a man as shrewd and far-sighted as he evidently is would suddenly leave all his propensity for soldiering and mining and would actually turn away from civilization altogether, and leave the very gold-bearing region of the Andes with which he was so perfectly familiar and would strike off into an unexplored country without any previous plan whatever.

"Taking for granted that Andrews went to South America at first in search of gold and that he became so interested in the natives along the Andes Mountains where alone he worked that at his conversion he suddenly became vitally concerned for their religious welfare, so much so that he was at once willing to abandon all his mining business in order to preach the Gospel to them, I still do not understand by what process of reasoning he could, after a few months of missionary effort with the civilized Indians, resolve to leave them as utterly hopeless, and acknowledging complete failure with them, should suddenly decide to undertake an evangelizing enterprise infinitely more difficult and uncertain—namely to plunge into an unexplored region as a missionary when he did not so much as know that a single human being lived in the territory. Especially so since he knew nothing whatever of missionary work and had no backing nor missionary equipment—not even a Bible."

McGregor paused and looked at me and smiled as much as to say: "I guess you are satisfied now!" I then asked him if he thought Andrews had never been into the heart of the continent. "Yes, he undoubtedly went there," said McGregor, "but he certainly did not go with the missionary motive. We can be sure of that. Whatever he was doing in there, he surely was not a missionary.

"Now, under the circumstances, and with the evidence in hand," continued McGregor, "I can conceive of but three possible motives that would lead him into that country. In the first place, his whole life seems to have been possessed with a sort of roving, daredevil spirit. He was a homeless, fearless, gold-crazed prospector, and so probably went into that country in search of gold.

"Again, there may be some connection between his leaving the United States army and his 'so-called mission to the Indians.' For all you know that man may be a criminal, a scapegallows, a deserter from the army. That, I should say, would be a sufficient motive to drive him into almost any country. I don't like the cut of his eye and the shape of his mouth. He smiles like a brutal man. His laugh is heartless.

"Now, if he did not go into the heart of Brazil in search of gold, nor to escape the law, then I still see only one other explanation for his action. Together with his conversion in New York as he claims, there may have been a mental cataclysm caused by excessive dissipation or disease, which left him af-

flicted with some sort of permanent delusionment. That is to say, he may be suffering from paranoia and his speech may be a fabrication spun out of the broken threads of a shattered memory, a remorseful conscience and a poisoned imagination. You can choose either hypothesis you like," remarked McGregor; "I am unable to decide which is correct, or whether there is some truth in all three hypotheses. But there is one thing I am dead sure of, he is not what he claims to be—he is not a missionary to the uncivilized Indians of Brazil."

McGregor's look and accent as he closed his speech were so emphatic and carried such conviction that I felt heartily sorry that I had been led to really have considerable confidence in this stranger and his message. McGregor was to me a mental diagnostician whose judgment was quite as worthy of confidence as the statement of an expert physician at the bedside of his patient. Before McGregor left I asked him to help me institute a thorough investigation of Andrews.

The next morning we had him come to my office where in the presence of my stenographer, who wrote down all that was said, we questioned him very closely. In reply to direct questions repeated several times, he claimed that he never had a home, that he never knew his father or mother, that he was never married, that he had never joined any church or lodge. Then we soon discovered that it was impossible to get any clue whatever as to his past record except the information given in his

speech. He had no relatives, no friends, not even acquaintances whose names he would give. The only names he gave were names of dead men. McGregor said this was very suspicious.

Our next effort was to consult the War Department at Washington. After writing four times we got this interesting information from the Adjutant-General's office: "The records show that one George Andrews was enlisted October 23, 1871; was dishonorably discharged July 1, 1873, and was sentenced to confinement at hard labor for three years at Alcatraz Island, California, per sentence of general court-martial, while serving as a private in Troop H, First Cavalry. He escaped from confinement May 22, 1874, at Alcatraz Island, California, while serving sentence, and so far as this department is advised he is now a fugitive from justice."

From other sources we learned that he had killed six men, and that when he escaped from Alcatraz Island he knocked two guards down with their own guns and then swam clear across the channel to the mainland, which has always been considered a human impossibility.

It was further discovered that his name was not George Andrews, but Charles C. Edwards, who ran away from his home near Indianapolis, Ind., when he was a boy, and went to New York City. He visited his home several times, the last time when his mother was very ill. His parents were then living near Ormond, Ky. He came home from Leadville, Col., and took his mother to Texas and

Indian Territory for her health. This was twenty-nine years ago. In a few months his mother died.

On December 24, 1894, he wrote a letter from Georgetown, British Guiana, to his father who was still living at Ormond, Ky. The letter abbreviated is as follows:

"*Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana, South America, Dec. 24, 1894.*

"MY DEAR OLD FATHER:

"It is with a source of pleasure I am enabled to write you once more, for no doubt you have often wondered what was ever become of me. Given me up for dead in all probability. Through the amalgamation of circumstances wrought by the panic and general depression throughout the United States, I concluded to try my luck in the new gold fields of British Guiana. I arrived here about the first of last May, and went immediately several hundred miles into the interior to the gold mines, where I have been ever since until a few days ago. My venture has proven fairly successful, and the future prospects are both cheerful and flattering.

"This is a most wonderful country. It abounds in many and varied opportunities for a thrifty person to accumulate wealth. Father, enclosed you will find a draft on New York for $250, which I trust will reach you in time for a New Year's gift and I am only sorry it is not more. Present it to your nearest local bank for payment. Should they refuse payment, leave it with them for collection and they will forward it on to New York. Just as soon as you receive this let me hear from you immediately, as I will be in the city until about February 1st, when I will be off for the mines again for at least another six months.

"With a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you, Estella and Mr. Lander, and may God spare your life to enjoy many more and for me to see you once more, I will close for this time.

"I am, as ever,

"Your affectionate son,

"CHARLES C. EDWARDS,

"*Georgetown, British Guiana,*

"*South America.*"

This letter brought great joy to the Edwards home in Ormond, and especially to the father's lonely heart, who had really thought his son was dead. The New Year's gift was nothing compared with the news that his son was living. He hastened to reply on January 14th, which was the day the letter arrived. In reply to this letter Edwards, alias Andrews, wrote on February 27, 1895, the last letter he ever sent home.

The circumstances leading up to the discovery of this and other letters were very interesting. The papers had written so much about Andrews that he was being talked of all over three states and ministers were calling on him to speak in their churches. A call came from the Methodist preacher at Ormond, Ky. Andrews accepted the invitation at once, and at the appointed time was there to speak. This was the home of his father and mother and sister. He got off the train at this same depot about twenty-nine years before. His last letter was addressed to his father and sister at this place, where his father and mother now lie buried on the

farm a short way from the village and where his widowed sister is now living.

But Edwards, alias Andrews, went there as an utter stranger. No one knew him and he seemed not to know anybody in the village. He never once intimated by the remotest hint that he ever had any connection with the place. When the time came for him to speak, an immense crowd had assembled, packing the church to overflowing. While speaking he appeared to be in a specially happy mood. He smiled and laughed as he related many amusing and thrilling experiences of his strange career. At the close of the address, the pastor of the church asked the congregation to join in singing hymn No. 415 and then he read the first verse:

"Faith of our fathers living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!"

Just as the preacher finished reading Mrs. Lander, a handsome, well-dressed woman, got up from a front seat and walked forward to speak to him. She was a leading member of the church, and so there was little surprise at her action except that expressed on the preacher's own face. His countenance flashed up in a perfect glow of excitement as she spoke to him. Her remark made in a subdued but animated manner was: "I just wanted

to tell you that the speaker is my long lost brother, Charley! I know it! I'm perfectly sure of it! And I thought you might want to say something about it." She then walked back to her seat as the congregation began singing. Andrews seemed to scarcely observe the action of Mrs. Lander. But when the music began he plunged into the singing with a vengeance, and sang with such terrific force that the whole congregation got into a titter, then he began clapping his hands and singing louder even still, looking at the ceiling as if in rapturous joy. When he got to the end of the first verse he went right on without a pause:

> "Our fathers chained in prisons dark
> Were still in heart and conscience free."

He ran clear away from the organist and his bugle voice was drowning out the congregational singing to such an extent that nearly everybody had stopped and were staring at him in wonder. When he struck the last verse one could have heard him half a mile away. He seemed to be entranced and unconscious of what he was doing. The serious question was how could he ever stop? But when he sang the last word he tried to add all the flourishes he could think of and shouted louder than ever—"Amen! Allelujah! Glory to God! Amen!"

Ormond, Ky., was passing through the greatest sensation of its history. The people were struck with amazement by the strange message, and all

the more by the stranger himself. The caper he cut while singing rather confused Mrs. Lander, who had been so sure of his being her brother. Now she seemed to hesitate to claim him without further proof of identification. However, she arranged to have him invited to her physician's home for dinner next day. She and her physician and pastor in the meantime discussed the matter and agreed to have him examined for certain scars.

They all met at the doctor's according to the arrangements and soon started the inquiry into his pedigree and possible relationship with Mrs. Lander. Andrews insisted that he never had a sister and that he was certain she could not be his sister. Notwithstanding the physician examined his leg for certain scars which Mrs. Lander claimed would be found if he was her brother. Sure enough there were the scars identically as described. But his persistent denial of all knowledge of his family connections was very disconcerting to her. After he had returned to the city the next day she wrote the following letter:

"*Ormond, Ky., March 16, 1909.*

"MR. GEORGE ANDREWS,

"*Dear Brother in Christ:* I feel so restless and wrought up over having seen you, that I cannot resist the impulse of writing to you. I have so often prayed for some tidings or knowledge of my lost brother. Sunday night, while tossing wakefully, unable to obtain needed rest, the memory of an accident which occurred when my brother was a mere child flashed into my mind.

"My mother told me of it many years ago when my brother was lost from us for a time. She said when he was a little child toddling around, a woman who was helping do the work carelessly spilt a shovelful of coals on his back, and his little dress being open, the coals stuck into his flesh and made scars. Mother was so angry at the time that she felt she could never forgive the woman. But while talking to me many years afterwards, she looked at it in a different light. She said it might some day be the means of identifying her child. I am coming to the city soon.

"Hoping then to see you face to face, as talking is much better than writing, I will close with the kindest love of a sister.

"MRS. ESTELLA EDWARDS LANDER."

Mrs. Lander came and spent two days. We did our best to convince Andrews that he was Mrs. Lander's brother. We compared photographs, handwriting, studied family traits, characteristics, and every fact was evidence in favor of this hypothesis. I examined his back for the burns and there were small scars and some small black specks, but they scarcely looked like burns. While we were convinced of his relation, he stoutly and positively denied having any knowledge whatever of his father, mother, sister and home. He declared he had never been in Ormond before, that he never wrote the letters from Georgetown and knew nothing of them.

Soon after Mrs. Lander returned home, he accepted an invitation to visit her. He spent about a week. During this time, he was seen one morning

about daylight over in the family graveyard. It was so early that no one was supposed to be awake. He walked around slowly, apparently in a deep study, then he stooped over as if reading every word on the tombstones. He got a few leaves off of the grave of his father and mother and put them carefully into his little pocketbook.

As it still was not time for the family to rise, he returned to his room and came down to breakfast later without ever once referring to his visit to the graveyard. It was during this trip that he wrote me the following letter:

"MR. MCCULLOCH,

"*Dear Brother:* Thought to write to acquaint you with my condition. Monday evening I was very poorly. Tuesday all day did not rest. I ventured out into the woods, penetrating some distance, came upon a beautiful ravine, and upon the sloping side lay down in this quiet place to rest —to be alone with God and His handiwork, nature. So exhausted and weak was my condition that the singing of the birds, their constant flitting from tree to tree, the shades, tints, contour of leaves, different formations in the tree life, a perfect melody and harmony of bird and tree life, that eye and ear were enriched and the mind rested and made glad. I was thus carried to the skies, to the Creator, Giver of all good things, and under His shadow I went to sleep. Woke up with severe pains in the stomach. To comfort me a rabbit came up close and began eating. It stayed long enough to become interesting and entertaining. The pains went away and I returned to the house. Every one is so thoughtful

and kind. Plenty of hot milk and crackers. This morning I am feeling improved. To-morrow the minister and family are coming and the young people are planning parties and outings. By to-morrow I may be all right. I hope so.

"Very respectfully,

"GEORGE ANDREWS."

Further information came in a letter from the pastor of the Fulton Street Church in New York.

"MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:

"Yours of March 13th has been awaiting my reply for some time owing to the fact that I wanted to secure several items of information before writing to you.

"Mr. George Andrews was here in New York for some time and I became deeply interested in him and in his work, and undertook the organization of a committee to back him in his work.

"During that time which was back in 1906 he became interested in becoming a member of my church and joined the church by experience and baptism on December 31, 1906.

"He was also married during that time while he was here. There was some irregularity about his marriage, owing to the fact that a man attempted to marry him who had no right to do so. This was afterwards straightened out at my suggestion, so that he became legally married.

"During the time of his staying here another man who brought Mr. Andrews to me first, a Mr. Ross, went with him to different openings that I secured where he could present his story and secure people's interests for the work he intended to do as a missionary in South America.

"I insisted that the money which came in in that way should be laid aside for the purpose of getting his outfit, as people gave it with that intention. But in every case it was used for running expenses, and I afterwards understood that it was divided between the two men. I insisted by a strong suggestion on its being used for the purpose named, and Mr. Andrews ceased to come near us.

"Afterwards I learned that he had gone to South America. This I doubted very much, because other friends had seen him here, so they said, after he was supposed to have gone to South America.

"I was unable to find out just where he was, neither could I find out where his wife was, until just a short time ago I received a letter from his wife, a copy of which I enclose herewith.

"This will show you that she is still under the impression that he is in South America, but she has not heard from him for two years,—just two years ago to-day.

"I cannot help but feel that the story he tells is true in a measure. It wonderfully grips one when he tells it, and the people of my church were greatly taken with it, and he was unanimously elected to the membership of same.

"However, there is something lacking in the matter of integrity, just what it is I cannot tell, but his treatment of his wife and his treatment of us clearly indicates that there is something wrong.

"I am writing to his wife to-day. I should like to know how long he has been with you, and how soon he expects to go out.

"Very sincerely yours,
"F. H. JOHNSTON."

The following is the letter from Mr. Andrews' wife:

"MR. JOHNSTON,

"*Dear Sir:* I received your letter; pardon me for not answering at once.

"I cannot give you the information you ask for. I have not heard from my husband since March 24th, two years ago. He was then in South America. He said he would write to me again soon, but I have not heard from him since.

"He left New York February 14th, two years ago. He had some money and was going to work his way. I gave him all the money I could spare. Will let you know at once when I hear from my husband again.

"I was obliged to leave the city. My dressmaking business did not pay, owing to the panic. I was out of work and had a very hard time to support myself. My cousin owns a large farm up here in the mountains. She invited me to come and stay with her as long as I wanted to.

"I shall remain here this summer, and then secure employment in the city again. Perhaps the times will be better by that time and I will be more successful.

"I am,

"Very respectfully,
"MRS. E. B. ANDREWS."

By this time I was beginning to feel that Andrews was a desperate character. I called McGregor to my office. We had been studying him together and had a long talk about him. We then agreed to call Andrews in and confront him with all the evidence we had. I had McGregor to conduct the inquisition. It was giant meeting giant—one was the very incarnation of reality—the other was a

shrewd, powerful, heartless fraud. There they sat facing each other in my office defiantly. My office never seemed so small before, but a ten acre field would not have been large enough for such a meeting.

McGregor began with a solemn frown: "Well, Mr. Andrews, we want to talk with you a while and ask you some questions." "All right," said Andrews, with a cynical smile, "fire away!"

McGregor looked straight at Andrews and shot these questions at him rapidly: "You say your name is Andrews?" "Yes, sir," he replied. "And you say you were an orphan and never knew your father or mother or sister?" "That's right, sir."

"Well, I believe you say you were converted in New York City six years ago?" "Yes, I was." "And then you went immediately to South America as a missionary where you have spent nearly six years?" "Yes, sir, that's right."

"I believe you said you were never married, that you never joined any church, that you were never baptized and that you came from La Paz to Panama and from Panama to New Orleans, then to Vicksburg, Memphis, McKenzie and then on here?" "All that is correct, sir," replied Andrews nervously, his eyes fairly aflame.

McGregor pulled his chair close up in front of Andrews and putting his hand on Andrews' knee he addressed him thus: "Now, old man, I am sorry for you and I hate to say it, but every statement you have made to me here is a lie!" An-

drews flinched, his face flushed in a rage of anger, his eyes began to glisten and twitch. McGregor paused just a moment then continued: "No, no, it will do no good to get angry with me. I am not afraid of you in the slightest. Now, let me tell you some facts about your life that I have collected here in these letters (here McGregor held up a big handful of letters). You were born near Indianapolis June 14, 1847; you ran away from home when you were about fifteen and went to New York; you were in the United States army and were court-martialed July 1, 1873, and escaped from prison on Alcatraz Island, California, May 22, 1874; you then left this country and went to South America; later you returned and began mining gold at Leadville, Col.; from there you came back to Ormond, Ky., twenty-nine years ago when your mother was quite ill; you took her to Texas and Indian Territory for her health; later you left and went back West. From there you went to Georgetown, British Guiana, as a gold mining prospector; from there you wrote to your father at Ormond, Ky., the last time February 27, 1895; you went to Cuba during the Spanish-American War; and then returned to South America; this time going in from the west side across the Andes in order that you might penetrate to gold fields hitherto inaccessible from the Atlantic side.

"You returned to New York. After excessive dissipation you went to a religious meeting where you resolved to live a better life. Then you went

back to La Paz and on across the Andes into Brazil, in search of gold; you failed; then you worked up this speech and returned to New York where you hoped to get money; while there you joined the Collegiate Church in Fulton Street and were baptized; there also you were married; you then fell in with some Mormon elders; left your wife and went to Cincinnati, from there to Salt Lake City; then to Central America as a member of a Mormon missionary party. You fell out with them in a violent altercation with an elder and returned by way of New Orleans. Now that is your life history, and you know it!" Here McGregor stopped to give Andrews a chance to speak. He said nothing. McGregor then asked: "Now, why did you try to deceive us? You know that what I say is true. What are you going to do about all this?"

"Do about it?" broke in Andrews, with a very serious countenance and a far-away look. "I don't know. It all comes to me now. I guess you are right. I know what I would like to do—I wish I could just go away off on the top of some mountain alone with God and lie down and die and end it all." We then asked Andrews to think over the matter and come back later and tell us what he would do. He left after shaking hands with both of us and his last word was, "I have lived a terrible life, gentlemen, I have lived a terrible life. You don't know all yet, and I am tired. I'll tell you, I am tired and sick of it all, and I just wish I could lie down and die, and let that be the last of it."

Andrews passed out the door and walked away quietly as if in profound study. If the earth had suddenly opened and swallowed him he would not have been more completely lost from our sight and knowledge.

His last remark somewhat distressed McGregor who thought that possibly he might execute his expressed wish on leaving and seek release from the slavery of his conscience and record by the marriage of death.

# IX

# Death in the Homes of the Poor

# IX

## DEATH IN THE HOMES OF THE POOR

THE progress of civilization in any country is measured by the value that is placed on the individual life, and by the respect that is shown for the dead. The line of march of modern civilization is rather uncertain—it is partly progressive and partly retrogressive. There are large gaps in the ranks caused by the shameful influences that have been centred in the modern city. The highest and the lowest types of human society to-day are in the cities—the same cities! There on the one hand you will find the greatest value placed on the individual life, and on the other the greatest indifference for life. There the greatest and the least respect is shown for the dead. The modern city is not a unit; it is not one civilization, but many. In every great city of America there is represented every type of civilization, from the semi-savage of the forest to the most highly cultured representative of Christianity. The modern city is so organized as to exert opposite influences at the same time. There is an unnamed aristocracy of wealth and education to whose progress the city ministers. There are also great masses of the population whose degradation the city makes all but inevitable. People are allowed, yea forced, to live

under conditions in which all proper regard for life is lost and respect for the dead is abandoned. It is in the slums, among the city's poor, that anarchists, murderers, thugs and the like are made. Miss Rishnell has written some very interesting and suggestive observations on this subject of criminology.

"I have watched the first manifestations of traits of character which invariably stamp the criminal. Whether in the making or in the finished product, the criminal comes more nearly revealing his true self in the presence of his own dead than anywhere else.

"This sad incident came under my observation in Hell's Acre. A mother of a large family was dying. Her little babe of four days was also dying.

"I had watched by their bed all night, and in the gray of the morning went home to rest a while. At ten o'clock I approached the house with softened step, feeling sure that all was over. Just as I latched the gate, the large overgrown boy of thirteen bolted out of the front door with a slam and met my astonished gaze with a face all smiles, and these dreadful words upon his lips,—'Dag-gone it! Ma's dead! No more school fer me!' 'Oh, Harry, child,' I said, as I caught his hand and pulled him to the step and sat down. 'Why do you talk in that dreadful way?' 'Why?' he said with evident disgust at my question as he twirled his old broad-brimmed hat on his fore

finger. 'It's why enough! Ma's always made me go to school; an' it's always been Harry this, an' Harry that, an' Har-ry, be good, an' Har-r-y, keep away from bad boys—till I'm that rattlin' tired of it, an' I'm glad she's gone, an' I can do as I please.' Then, with just time to catch his breath, he shouted—'Gee whilerkins, the fellers 'ull have to hump now to keep me in sight!'

"And they did, indeed. For during the next year Harry was under arrest frequently for all sorts of juvenile offenses. He was then convicted of house-breaking and larceny and sent to the penitentiary for two years. Immediately after his release, he and another boy were found guilty of drugging and criminally assaulting a girl, for which they both got fifteen years in the penitentiary.

"Another death scene, of the most shocking character, occurred not far from the settlement one evening just at sundown. I remember how I felt that the sun had hidden his face from a gruesome spectacle that many people viewed with interest and evident delight. There had been a family quarrel, the participants being an elderly man and his wife, their nephew and his wife. The old man was drunk, 'dead drunk,' and the nephew 'fighting tipsy.' As the old woman was a prolific swearer, the elderly couple got the best of the fray in the house. Then the old man left and went to a saloon, only a few steps away, to 'drown his trouble,' while the nephew borrowed a shotgun and went in search of his uncle with the evident

intention of 'getting in deep,' as the boys express it. They met right on the corner in front of the saloon, and the old man's head was literally blown off. These facts in themselves are almost too awful to relate, and yet they are mild compared with the scene that followed.

"The coroner's inquest was so very slow and tedious that the body was allowed to lie there nearly three hours exposed to public gaze, and a long procession of people 'improved' the opportunity. Women grabbed their children—mere babies—and rushed to within a few feet of the body, while in a loud jargon they discussed and talked and laughed. Old men and young men passed by, often striking the foot against the body, as they hurried into the saloon for a drink and returned for a surmise as to what probable course the law would take. Young women returning from work jostled up as near as possible and satisfied their gaze, one of them declaring as she passed me that she 'would not have missed it for the world.' And the small boys,—the future citizens of the ward—God pity them! How they enjoyed the whole scene! How they admired the courage of the slayer! How they stored their minds with the curses and the evil suggestions as they fell from the lips of their elders! One little fellow of not more than ten was seen with his foot propped up on the dead man's thigh as in his excitement he told a crowd of belated comers how it all happened.

"Just beyond that listless crowd as they elbowed

each other and laughed and cursed, was that old woman, the wife of the murdered man, standing on a goods box in the corner of the little yard, with hair dishevelled and bloodshot, tearless eyes, calling upon God to avenge the murder of her husband, and swearing with all her strength. Those who had been satisfied with the other sight were gathered in the street in front of the house, drinking in the awful stream of imprecations. No one was near her, not even inside the yard, and as I worked my way through the crowd towards her there were expressions of disapproval all through the crowd. One woman caught my arm and said, 'Heavens alive, woman, she's that mad she'll eat you up!' But no, I hastened through the yard and as I laid my hand on her arm, I said in a quiet way, 'Get down and let's go into the house and talk it all over.' She stared in blank amazement for a moment and then fell on my shoulder and wept. Talk about death's sting! I know one person who drank the cup of Gethsemane that night.

"It was quite dark when I left the house to go to the settlement. A large crowd was still thronging the streets in great excitement. The very atmosphere seemed uncanny and terrible. I dreaded the crowd and hesitated a moment on the door-step. Just then I saw Mr. McGregor step inside the gate. On meeting me in the yard he said: 'Miss Rishnell, I thought possibly I could be of some service and so waited out here for you.' Taking his arm, I thanked him for his thoughtfulness and we walked

on to the settlement. I knew that his heart was very sad because of his mother's death, so in our conversation after reaching my library, I asked him if he would not take charge of the Reading-room Association and men's club, and thus help me make Christianity a reality in the community. He readily accepted the position, saying he would gladly do anything on earth to help repay me for my kindness to his mother. His eyes filled with tears at the reference to his mother's death and he walked over to the window looking far away as if trying to control his emotions. Presently he turned and with his eyes fixed on the floor said: 'Miss Rishnell, you seem to be very happy in your work?' I assured him that I was. Thereupon he replied: 'I thought so, and I would give the world for your faith and joy.' I assured him that if he would get away from his speculative studies for a while and live the life that I was living in daily contact with the heart of sincere people, he too would have my faith and joy. He left thanking me for assigning him the work in the settlement and saying: 'Miss Rishnell, as my dear mother is away, I want to make one request; won't you pray for me that I may live each day as she said—true to Jesus Christ?' As he took my hand there burst from his great heart a royal: 'God bless you, Miss Rishnell. God bless you! Good-night!'"

The following incident presents still another aspect of the life of the poor.

"A young girl, lured by the promise of 'high

wages and a gay time' came from the country to our district. She got work in a laundry at $2.50 a week with the promise of a 'raise.' She boarded at a dreadful place, so dreadful, indeed, that I must turn aside from my narrative just to describe that 'respectable boarding-house.' There were four rooms. In the front room lived and slept a Mr. and Mrs. A—— and two children, Mr. A——'s grown brother and Mrs. A——'s grown brother; Mr. and Mrs. B—— and a baby. In the second room were Mr. and Mrs. M——, who kept the boarding-house; Mr. and Mrs. R—— and two children; and Carrie Long, the girl from the country. The other two small rooms were used as kitchen and dining-room.

"Carrie got along very nicely with her work till one cold January night, after being in the heat and steam of the laundry all day, she was so chilled by the walk home that acute pneumonia followed. Then of course the 'respectable house' had no room for her. She was hurried off the next morning to the city hospital. After three days of intense suffering, death came, and she was sent back to the house from whence she had been taken. But the 'landlord' said he 'couldn't have his place broke up just for the sake of a dead girl.' That was his explanation as he conducted the ambulance to our door for us to take her in. As it was, however, in our small quarters, there was absolutely no place to put the body. On that day school was in progress; when that closed, the night session began; and in

addition there were to be social functions in the other rooms. If I had it to do over, though, I would have dismissed school and turned the house upside down rather than not to have taken in that corpse.

"Two neighbors were appealed to unsuccessfully, and the third gladly offered her own room for the accommodation of the dead. She moved her bed into the kitchen, scrubbed the floor and did everything she could in her own crude way 'to make things pleasant.' She was very superstitious, so before the body of Carrie was allowed to be brought in, she turned the face of every picture to the wall, and covered the mirror with a black apron, the reason being, as she stated, 'if the dead is 'flected in anything, the person who sees it will be sure to die next.' Then, as an extra precaution, and protection of her family, she went across the way and borrowed an old game cock that was regarded with superstitious reverence by the entire district as the thing that 'kept off haunts and spirits.' There the poor, homeless body reposed till Mr. Long came from the country and took it home.

"One of the saddest experiences I ever had was in a home where life meant everything. There was an old couple. A very unusual thing to find in a city's slums; in fact, the only couple I have ever known to survive to old age in this slum amid 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness' and 'the destruction that wasteth at noonday.' Not only had they escaped the evil influences of their bitter and

narrow surroundings, but they were as fresh and vigorous in their love for each other as they had been fifty-two years ago when they took the marriage vow. It was refreshing to see them.

"The old man was sick, and we all knew that there were only a few days of life left for him. Even during his hours of greatest suffering, he never seemed to forget his tender solicitude for his aged wife. The ravages of a long and tedious spell of tuberculosis and the imminence of death made him feel more keenly his obligation as husband and protector. As she moved about in their little one-room house, trying to tidy up and adjust the meagre furnishings to the best advantage, his eyes would follow her lovingly, and his voice was often heard in protest, 'Now, dearie, don't do that.' One day after she had had a trying experience toasting bread at a smoking grate she carried it to him with her eyes red and her hand burned. He had been watching the process with a pained expression.

"When she had adjusted the things on a chair that they might eat this bite together, he first said to me, 'Speak thanks, that we may eat in peace.' He then took her hand in his and carried it to his hot cheek and said, 'Little girl, it wa'n't my hope to bring you to the like o' this. I's been a poor husband, but I's tried to do my best.' He had been very fond of my reading to him. He was a thinking man though he could not read or write a word. He was very fond of church history.

We had spent many hours lamenting over the popes and their follies, and rejoicing over Luther and the Reformation. One day I was going to read to him while 'Lady' went to the corner grocery to get 'Jo-ey' a fresh egg. I had not yet begun when he said, 'Put down that book, and let me talk.' He told me of their early hopes, of the one boy whom 'Lady' had set her heart on and how he had died of consumption. Of how everything he had 'turned his hand to had gone agin him'; of how he 'lost out on the best job by drinkin' rum'; of how this sickness had come on before he could get on his feet again. It was indeed a sad story, of hope, of endeavor, of sin, of failure, of regret, and now of death staring him in the face, and his aged companion utterly alone and unprovided for.

"The last day had come, and the shadows were falling. The anguish and loneliness of 'Lady' were past description, while 'Jo-ey' seemed to be burdened with the thought that starvation was all that was left for her. All was quiet for a while and we thought the end had come. A bakery wagon that had daily cried 'bread' at the door rumbled by. The old man clasped his hands, and like a child saying his morning prayer, whispered, 'Give us this day our daily bread. Amen.' That was all.

"The next day there was a funeral from that little one-room cottage. There was no hearse, but in its place a neighbor's express wagon carried the shiny coffin. There was no carriage, but a rattling

surrey carried the preacher, a friend, and a little old woman who was holding fast to a young woman's hand. There were no flowers, but a gentle breeze came by, laden with the scent of honeysuckle and jasmine. There was a new-made grave in the 'strangers' row' with a little woman in black bending low over the moist sod. And then there was another ride back to the one little room. And the night came."

# X

## Where Sin Leads Wealth to Moral Poverty

# X

## WHERE SIN LEADS WEALTH TO MORAL POVERTY

"ON my return to the settlement one evening," Miss Rishnell writes, "I was astonished to find Lillian and a young man waiting for me. She was a picture of gladness and was almost hysterical in her expressions of pleasure at seeing me. Introducing her friend she said, 'This is Mr. Frank Kirkwood. Mama is away at the district missionary meeting, and papa has gone off on a trip to Memphis; and we came over to see you.'

"Her voice and look made me feel intuitively that something was wrong. I turned to the young man and began asking some questions. I had heard of a Frank Kirkwood, whose father had for years been an intimate friend of Mr. Millburn and who was at that time superintendent of one of the leading Sunday-schools of the city. I knew that this Frank Kirkwood was regarded as one of the most exemplary young men in the city, and so I was eager to learn whether Lillian's escort was the same man. My inquiries soon brought out the fact that he was indeed the son of Captain Kirkwood. For a moment my fears left me and I breathed easier. I even censured myself mentally for having ever

suspected evil of the young couple. But we were scarcely seated in my library when Lillian referred to the fact that they had just come from the matinée at the Bijou Theatre. This discovery broke my confidence again and aroused my suspicion. The whole situation then began to seem terrible to me. There was that innocent girl scarcely more than fourteen, whose heart had been starved for the lack of love in her home. Her mother was so occupied with her church affairs and club meetings that she gave little time to Lillian. I knew, too, that Mrs. Millburn really did not love her daughter. Mr. Millburn was a banker and interested in a dozen or more large business enterprises. He was so absorbed in making money that he seldom spent an hour with his daughter. She was almost an orphan girl as regards parental love and attention. Her intensely affectionate nature made me feel that she was on the brink of destruction. I could not allow her to leave with him. So I telephoned over to Mr. Millburn's residence and informed the old colored woman who had been left in charge of the home that Lillian was going to stay with me that night.

"I learned afterwards that this old woman had been paid largely by Frank to let Lillian go with him to the theatre, something her mother never allowed, and something Frank was supposed never to do. With considerable difficulty I persuaded the old woman and Lillian to agree to this arrangement.

"After Frank was gone, I did all I could to

make Lillian feel comfortable. She had been over to see me a number of times. I always felt drawn to her, but now I was at a loss to understand her movements. She was so utterly unlike the quiet girl I had known. All the evening she seemed to be in a perfect glee. Later she began telling me about Frank. I soon saw that she was completely infatuated with him. She went almost into ecstasy on telling me of some things he had said to her.

"The next afternoon I went with Lillian home, thinking we would reach there about the time her mother would return. Her train was delayed, however, and I had to leave without seeing her at all.

"Mrs. Millburn shortly afterwards was taken ill with typhoid fever and died without my ever seeing her. After her mother's death, Lillian seemed to avoid me. I made several attempts to see her, suspecting that Frank's influence was keeping her away.

"In September I went to Europe, and was gone till the following March. Soon after my return I was horrified one evening when Lillian's aunt, Miss Watson, telephoned me that they were in extreme distress over Lillian, and asked if I would not take charge of her. At my suggestion Lillian was put in a closed carriage next morning and brought by her aunt to the settlement. In the meantime I had rented a private room next door which was fitted up for their use and made as attractive and cozy as possible. For over six weeks they never

left this room except for an occasional walk after dark.

"During those long, awful days, she became the most pitiable object I ever saw. She was like a frightened bird. Every sound made her flinch. She wouldn't talk or take interest in anything about her. She slept extremely little, often getting up during the night and walking the floor and weeping as if her heart would break with grief. In all that six weeks I never once saw her smile. At times she had a far-off, dreamy look, as if grieving over the death of a friend; again she appeared dazed and stunned. One afternoon while I was talking with her aunt, she spoke up while walking the floor as if from a deep reverie. She didn't address either of us, but simply spoke as if thinking aloud: 'Wonder if Frank knows where I am? I wish I could see him. Though I guess he don't care now. Nobody cares now. Oh, I wish I could have mama back again. Mama would tell me; she would stay with me. She knows and I could tell her all about it, and she would ——" Here she broke down weeping aloud and fell in a swoon across the bed. I got up, walked quietly to the bed and lay down by her side. Her hands were under her face so that I could not take hold of either. I stroked her cheek gently and said: 'Lillian, won't you let me take the place of mama? Just let me be mother now. I love you, and I'll do anything on earth to help you.' As she reached out one hand I clasped it and pressed it to my

cheek, kissing it again and again. After sobbing a while, she said, 'Oh, Miss Rishnell, I wish you were my mother! I need you; I need mama!' She paused a moment and then continued: 'Oh, I wish I could die and end it all. I feel so lonesome; I can't stand it. I do wish I could die and go to mama. She could tell me.' It took some time to get her quiet.

"I then left the room promising to return in a few minutes. I wanted to do a motherly act to convince her of my love. So I hastened over to the settlement and prepared the nicest supper I could in a short time and carried it in to her and her aunt. As I walked in the door with the heavy tray, I said as cheerfully as I could: 'Here, Lillian, your mother has brought your supper.' She got up and started towards me. I hardly had time to set the tray on the little table in the centre of the room till she threw her arms around me and laying her head on my breast exclaimed: 'Yes, you are my mother now; the only one in all the world who cares. Miss Rishnell, won't you just let me call you mama? I'll do anything you ask me —only be my mama.'

"Not many days after this, we were talking in the room one evening when I spoke of seeing Frank at church the Sunday before. In response to this remark Lillian asked: 'Miss Rishnell, do you think it is right for Frank to lead prayer-meeting now?' For a moment I was at a loss to know what she meant, then her aunt seeing my questioning look

stated that Frank was a worker in the church and professed to be sanctified. He was frequently appointed by the pastor, she said, to lead prayer-meeting, because he could pray and talk so well. The hypocrisy of his conduct seemed so unspeakably heinous that I later made inquiry and learned that the facts were exactly as they had been stated. Not only so, but Frank is to-day a leader in the same church and honored as if he were one of the purest and noblest men in the city. He is not honored thus for his character, but for his social standing and for his father's wealth. A hideous spectacle, indeed! The hot blood of indignation makes my nerves tingle to think of it—the Church —the Bride of the Son of God courting villains for their gold! Yet the pastor renominates him again this very year. Because he said the church could not afford to provoke the ill will of his father, who pays nearly half of all the expenses of the church. May God save us from such slavery to wealth! A thousand times better not have churches at all than to compromise with sin for money. Better far that we should lift our voices in worship under the forest oak than to allow the rich to purchase our freedom by building our churches. A church that is poor but pure has nothing under heaven to fear; but the church that is rich and corrupt is on the down grade to destruction.

"About two o'clock one Sunday morning I was awakened by a vigorous ringing of the door-

bell. I knew at once the trouble. I looked out the window and called down: 'Miss Watson, is that you?' 'Yes, Miss Rishnell,' she replied nervously, 'come over quick, don't delay a minute, we need you, and telephone the doctor at once.' I hastened over to the room and began getting things ready.

"Presently the doctor came and took charge. All went well and little Ellen soon embarked on the perilous journey of life. Lillian did remarkably well.

"In all my life, I have never seen any one change so much in so short a time as Lillian. Before she had moved about as if in a trance, listless and indifferent to everything about her. Life had been for months one terrible regret as she carried under her heart that lump of sorrow. But now it was so different. When I had dressed the baby, I brought her and laid her down close against Lillian on the bed. Even then it was hard to believe that Lillian was a mother. She was so young. She looked more like a child with her doll. The mother love awoke in Lillian's heart almost instantaneously. It was marvellous; as wonderful as a miracle. She became completely absorbed in her child. The mother love swept over her like a deluge; she was overwhelmed, and thought of nothing but the child. Ellen was the magnet towards which every thought pointed. We could not get her to talk of anything else. All the past had suddenly been blotted from memory. She did not seem to grieve, nor have the slightest trace of regret left. She was satisfied

and happy in her new, strange and consuming love.

"When the child was about two weeks old, I began to appreciate the seriousness of the situation. I knew that Lillian and the baby would soon have to be separated. Lillian's condition and whereabouts had been kept an absolute secret from all her relatives and friends. Only her father and aunt knew. All the rest thought she was off at school. Up to this time even her father had visited her but twice—once shortly before the birth of the child and a few days after. Both times I had excused myself soon after he entered the room and left to save their embarrassment as much as possible. I scarcely knew him at all. But Miss Watson told me that Mr. Millburn was firm in his decision to have Lillian give up the baby as soon as possible and return home. I felt sure she would object to giving up the child and I was not certain that she would even be willing to go back home. I consulted the doctor. He insisted that Lillian ought to give up the child and go home in a few days. What could I do? I sent for Mr. Millburn. I expected him to come in his automobile; but he came in a closed carriage. I did not want to discuss the matter before Lillian, so we went up to my library in the settlement. I explained the circumstances, and how Lillian's devotion to the child would make it extremely difficult for us to separate them.

"He then told me of his grief. I never thought

it was possible for a man to experience such anguish of heart as he said he had felt. None of us knew it, but he said he had walked the streets in sight of Lillian's room every night till the lights were out. For over two weeks at one time he had not gone to bed, and often since he sat up all night. He seemed to take it all to heart and blame himself for her sin. He said to me: 'Miss Rishnell, I have been so absorbed in my business, in making money that I neglected my home. If I had loved Lillian as I should this awful sorrow would never have occurred.' Then he broke down and wept till I thought I would have to send for the physician. I couldn't quite understand the bitter anguish of his soul. Then he explained: 'I have professed to be a Christian. But my God has been gold. My greed for money has led to this trouble. I see my mistake now. If I could blot out this horrible stain from our home, I would gladly give up all my wealth and live the rest of my days in poverty.'

"Nemesis had overtaken him and the icy fingers of remorse were clutching round his heart. He was the picture of despair. He was only forty-six, but his hair, which had been a dark brown, had in the last few months turned almost white.

"He wanted to take Lillian home with him in the closed carriage that night, but I knew such an effort would fail utterly. The next day I talked with Lillian about giving up her child. For to leave the baby with me seemed less an evil than for her to undertake the impossible task of rearing the

child in her own home. At first the idea struck her as something preposterous. Her love made her blind to the difficulties in the way. She said: 'I'll never give up my darling. She is mine. She is dearer to me than my own life. It would be wrong for me to give her up.' I tried to argue the matter with her by explaining that she owed it to her relatives and friends to keep this experience a secret from them. Then I became positive and said definitely: 'Lillian, there is but one thing for you to do; you must give up your baby and go back home.' I saw the words made her flinch and then she became desperate. As I observed the keen pain expressed in her face, I felt that my words were cruel. She drew her baby closer and looked defiant as she said: 'I'll never leave my darling; no, never! And if you take her from me I'll kill myself! I won't give her up!' I saw she was in no state of mind then to be persuaded, so I said: 'All right, Lillian, don't worry; we'll make it all right somehow.'

"During the next few days, I used every indirect method possible to turn her thought from her child. By suggestions I tried to make her feel that it was not only reasonable for her to give up the baby, but that if she really loved the child, it was her duty to place her where she could be properly cared for and trained.

"It then occurred to me that the most effective method would probably be to take her by storm. So I arranged for her father and the physician to

come to the settlement prepared to take Lillian home regardless of her wishes. Their carriage drove up about eight o'clock at night. Little Ellen was asleep. Lillian was sitting by the cozy little cradle sewing. She seemed unusually happy as she chatted and laughed and watched her darling baby by her side.

"When I heard the carriage stop in front, it seemed that nothing could be more cruel than to suddenly destroy forever the new and wonderful joy that was flooding Lillian's heart. I never dreaded anything so in my life. When the door-bell rang, it sent a shiver all through me. For a moment I could not move, but simply looked at Lillian. Then the bell rang again. By this time Lillian was staring at me. As I walked towards the door, I noticed her turn, bend over her child and adjust the cover.

"Mr. Millburn and Dr. Hickson entered the room like messengers of death. Mr. Millburn was pale and trembling, and scarcely spoke above a whisper. Dr. Hickson tried to be cheerful and make light of the circumstance, but his forced humor seemed as heartless as a laugh at a funeral. I let him do the talking, for my tongue seemed to cling to the roof of my mouth. He walked over to the little cradle and as he looked down at the baby he remarked: 'Well, Lillian, you ought to thank your stars that you won't have to care for this kid!' Her face flushed with terror; she didn't speak but just looked straight into my eyes. I saw she wanted me to ex-

plain, so I walked over to where she was sitting by her father and stooping over and pressing my cheek against her forehead and then kissing it, I said, 'Yes, Lillian, it is best. You must go home with your father to-night and I will take care of our dear baby.' She began weeping bitterly and sobbed aloud: 'Oh, I can't, Miss Rishnell, I can't.' I heard Dr. Hickson speak in an undertone to Mr. Millburn saying: 'We must make short work of this business. The quicker the better.' They evidently had agreed upon their tactics in advance, for Mr. Millburn got up at once and putting his hat on spoke in the most commanding voice: 'Lillian, you are my daughter. I know what is best. You must get ready and come right on and go with me home.' Saying this he pulled her hand from her face and beckoning to the doctor they simply picked her up and carried her to the carriage. When they started out of the room she pleaded with her father to let her take the baby along. But he made no reply till he got to the carriage when he said almost harshly: 'Lillian, be quiet; I know what is best.'

"Miss Watson hastily gathered up some of Lillian's clothes, stuffed them into a suit case and rushed out to the carriage, whispering as she passed me in the door: 'Good-night, Miss Rishnell; I'll see you in a few days again.' The commotion had so disturbed the baby that she was yelling vigorously; and since it was no longer possible to comfort the mother, I turned my attention to the child.

"That was an awful night. I scarcely closed my eyes. Not so much because the baby was restless as if conscious of being an orphan; but especially because I knew the mother was drinking deep from the bitter cup of despair. I knew her heart was torn and bleeding from inexpressible anguish. Then there lay the innocent, helpless baby robbed of her own mother's love and despised by her father who was the real sinner and who, being without grief and shame, moved right on uncondemned in the cruel sham of his life. On Sunday a saint in the church, but on Monday a demon in disguise.

"Then as I sat up that night and thought of how hundreds of other young women in their innocence were unwittingly in peril from scores of vile men who are sometimes using a Christian profession as a screen to cover their devilish deeds, I felt that life is indeed more cruel than the grave. For as heartless as the mob on Golgotha, society is crying: 'Stone the woman; let the man go free!'"

# XI

## A Tragedy Veiled in a Home of Luxury

## XI

## A TRAGEDY VEILED IN A HOME OF LUXURY

"IT was Tuesday night when Lillian was taken home. Wednesday passed without a word from her. Thursday night and still I had no message from her. It seemed so strange that I went to the telephone and called the Millburn number, when I was informed by 'Central' that the telephone had been removed from the Millburn residence.

"Saturday morning this letter was received:

"'DEAR MISS RISHNELL:

"'Won't you come to see me at once? Our 'phone has been taken out and papa won't let me leave the house. I can't sleep or eat or do anything but think of my little darling. Oh, Miss Rishnell, what can I do? My heart hurts so I can't stand it. So please come over right away; for I want to tell you what I think I will do.

"'Kiss my dear little darling for me. Oh, I would give the world just to have her in my arms. You have been so good to me. I can't tell you how much I love you for it all. I hope God will pay you somehow. Do come to-morrow early and tell me all about her. Oh, can't you bring her along? I don't care what people say. I don't care for anything now. She is my only joy in the world. Oh, do bring her, and I'll be so happy! Kiss both

sweet little cheeks and her tiny hands. Is her eye still sore? Please come to-morrow. I must tell you something.

"'Your sorrowing friend,

"'LILLIAN.'

"As soon as possible after getting this letter, I got ready and hurried over to the Millburn home. Before reaching the house I saw Lillian waving her hand from a second story window. Miss Watson met me at the door and took me up to Lillian's room. She looked ten years older than when I saw her a few days before. She asked every conceivable question about her child. Presently she began weeping when Miss Watson got up and said: 'Lillian, you ought to be ashamed to cry so much; you ought to try to forget and think of other things.' She then excused herself and left me alone with Lillian. I was trying as best I could to comfort her when suddenly she straightened herself up and looking deep into my eyes spoke scarcely above a whisper: 'Miss Rishnell, I want to tell you something. Papa says I can never see my darling again. And I can't stand it. I want to kill myself. If I could get to the river I would jump off the bridge. Oh, why can't I have my darling? I would be so happy! But papa says I can't have her. He said if I didn't quit grieving and talking so I would run him crazy and ruin our home. I worry him. So I believe I ought to put myself out of the way.'

"I pleaded with her not to think of such a rash

act, and did my utmost to cheer her heart. But when I left I had a strange foreboding that possibly I was saying good-bye for the last time. Fearing that she might undertake to put a tragic end to all her troubles, I wrote her a letter a few days later. In reply I received a note from Miss Watson stating that Mr. Millburn had been advised by Dr. Hickson not to allow any communication whatever with the settlement. Consequently Mr. Millburn had instructed her to keep a close watch over Lillian and not permit any letters or other messages regarding the baby to reach her. I knew that meant for me to keep away and stop writing. After all that I had done for his daughter I felt that Mr. Millburn was extremely inconsiderate. But I determined to conform to his wishes absolutely.

"A few weeks later, I heard indirectly that Mr. Millburn had taken Lillian and gone to Lake George, New York, in the vain hope of changing the state of her mind by the charm of a novel environment.

"My duties at the settlement were so exacting that I had to leave the care of the baby almost entirely to an old colored nurse. I would visit the room at least once a day, sometimes every few hours. But the child soon showed symptoms that were distressing to me. The milk didn't agree with her apparently. She would eat extremely little. Her sleep was irregular and fitful. Often she awoke in paroxysms of screaming and would cease only at complete exhaustion.

"I called in my own physician; for I was not quite satisfied to trust her case to any one else. She had become as dear to me as if she were my own child. When my physician arrived at the settlement I first explained all about the case. He listened with the keenest interest. Then he began asking questions. He wanted to know about the former physician, the trained nurse, and the colored woman who was now caring for the child. He wanted to know if any medicine had been prescribed. Dr. Hickson had sent us some sort of medicine with instructions to give ten drops at a time to make her sleep.

"Then he asked that we go over to see the baby. He examined her very thoroughly and fired dozens of questions at the colored nurse. Presently he turned to me and asked that I let him see the bottle of medicine. Intuitively I felt that something was wrong. But I had the utmost confidence in my physician. He is not only a master of his profession, but his pity and purity and honesty make him a most worthy disciple of the Great Physician. If there was anything wrong I knew he would tell me. So I went to the mantle and handed him the bottle. He read the label, smelt and tasted the contents of the bottle. With a frown he recorked the bottle, put it in his pocket and walked over and sat down in front of the old colored nurse who held the baby in her lap. Resting his chin in his hand he looked at the child in deep study.

"Presently he turned to me with an expression

of pain on his face: 'Miss Rishnell, I am sorry to tell you, but somebody has been slowly poisoning this baby. I don't think it is possible to save her now.' Being horrified at this statement, I asked him to explain further. He did so saying that unscrupulous physicians often made short work of such unfortunate children. He cited instances where there was a secret understanding between the father or mother of the baby and the physician. An unwritten, unspoken but nevertheless understood agreement that for so much money the physician was 'to relieve their minds of the suffering of their baby.' Then he added with feeling: 'Miss Rishnell, you don't know this old world; there are cold-blooded murders every day that are never written up in the newspapers. There are murderers of innocent children riding around these streets in their automobiles and regarded as good men. And there are rich mothers, society women, here in this city, who are murderers—destroying their offspring before birth. Their husbands know and approve, and so they are murderers too. If you only knew what I know of the crimes against the helpless babies of this city, you would not be surprised at my indignation. These things are almost too horrible to think about. Excuse me for speaking as I have. I thought you ought to know and be put on your guard.' As he then turned his attention again to the child, I felt dazed and bewildered as if modern civilization had suddenly and before my eyes dropped back a thousand years.

After prescribing for the child, he left asking me to telephone him from time to time about her condition.

"For the rest of the day I often thanked God for the Christian physician, and as often felt grieved that in America, Christian America, some of 'the best people in society' were murderers of their own young.

"It was only a few evenings after this occurrence, when there was to be a social function at the church of which Captain Kirkwood was Sunday-school superintendent. I had been invited to make a talk on the settlement work. I appreciated the opportunity as well as the social courtesy and had definitely planned to go. A thunder-storm came over at the time announced, and so I found it impossible to make the trip. As the lightning had also put my telephone out of commission, I had to give up all hope of going, when my door-bell rang. The house girl hastened back with a note signed by Captain Kirkwood, stating that he was so anxious for me to come that he had taken the liberty of sending his son in a carriage for me. I thought surely Frank Kirkwood wouldn't dare come near the settlement. So to make sure I sent the girl down at once to invite the messenger to my library while I waited with mingled feelings of hope and dread.

"Frank Kirkwood walked in with as calm and serene a look as if he had been a saint. For an instant I felt that surely he could not be a criminal.

Yet I knew him and I knew his life. There was no room for doubt. He seemed to be the very incarnation of grace and courtesy as he bowed and smiled and thanked me for the invitation to take a seat. I excused myself and went to my room. I fell on my knees and prayed as I never prayed before except for Banford. I have no idea how long I was there. When I got up I felt that I had a message for Frank Kirkwood—a message from God—just as truly as John the Baptist had a message for Herod. My whole being was set on delivering this message. I was conscious of a strange new power that dispelled all fear; for I was upheld by the hand of God who spoke through me that night.

"When I returned to the room Frank seemed puzzled and nervous as if he had heard me praying. But I knew he had not. He arose and stood till I drew a chair up and sat down just in front of him. He then offered me a palm leaf fan which he had picked up from the table and sat down. I asked him a number of questions about the entertainment at the church, watching all the while for my chance to open the most terrible conversation I ever had.

"Presently I began abruptly: 'Mr. Kirkwood, I am sorry, but I cannot go to the church this evening. I should like to talk with you about a matter that concerns you. I believe you know Miss Lillian Millburn, do you not?' He flinched and the blush of shame made his eyes look glassy, as he replied: 'Yes, she is a friend of mine.' 'Is she a friend of

yours now?' I inquired. 'Well, we used to be good friends, but she has been away for several months now, you know,' he replied. 'Yes, I do know,' I continued, 'and you know exactly why. Mr. Kirkwood, I know you. You have broken the heart of Lillian. You have ruined her life forever. Your crime is sending her to an early grave. Not only so, but your own baby lies at the point of death next door. It is dying from poison given by your physician, and given at your suggestion. Mr. Kirkwood, you are a murderer. You have destroyed the virtue of a pure girl who loved you, and you are murdering your own baby. If there ever was a soul that deserved the torments of hell it is you. It is impossible for you to imagine a meaner person, a more heartless person, a more fiendish criminal than yourself. Yet you profess to be a Christian, and conduct prayer-meetings. God will utterly abandon you forever, unless you repent of your sin and crime. Will you repent? Or will you carry that guilty conscience through eternity? The blood of Lillian and your baby will burn as fire in your soul for a thousand years.

"'Yet God is merciful. Even a murderer like yourself may find pardon. You have no choice, Mr. Kirkwood, it is repent or perish forever. What will you do? I am praying for you and I believe even now God will forgive if you only repent of your sins.'

"In response to this appeal, he got up and with a contemptuous smile said: 'Excuse me, Miss Rish-

nell, but I have sense enough to look after my own affairs. If you simply want to abuse me, I think I had better go on back to the church where my friends are more considerate of my feelings.'

"I was so disappointed at the resentment he showed for my appeal in his behalf that I could think of nothing further to say. He stalked out the door and drove off.

" A few days after this occurrence the baby died. We buried her one late afternoon in the cemetery about three miles from the settlement. There were just four of us at the grave, Miss Palmer, my physician, Rev. Robert Watts who was a sort of spiritual adviser for the settlement and myself. We all knew the circumstances and we all wept as we prayed on the western slope of the hillside where we laid the little body to rest in the twilight. Then we sang:

"'By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

"'Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

"'By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

"'And soon, too soon, the wintry hour,
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

"'O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

"'Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace, alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.'

"I returned to my work to find relief of mind only in serving others.

"I became so absorbed in my duties that in a few weeks I was beginning to recover from the shock of the sad experience through which I had passed. Then it all had to be lived over again. For about three weeks after the baby's death, Mr. Millburn and Lillian returned from Lake George. After a short stay there, he was convinced that it would not help Lillian to keep her away from home. She had gone into a rapid decline. Fearing she had consumption he hastened back home thinking that possibly the only way to save her life would be to let her have her child again. He knew nothing of what had happened. My first knowledge of their return was a telephone call from Mr. Millburn at his office asking me to go out to his home to see Lillian. He said she was not well and was grieving so to see me that he wanted me to go out at once.

"It took me a very short while to make preparations to go. I found her so pale, emaciated, and with such sunken, sad eyes that my heart ached with pity for her. The moment I appeared at the door she rushed to my arms weeping and after sobbing for a moment on my shoulder she asked about the baby. I couldn't reply to her question. It was with extreme difficulty that I kept from weeping myself. I tried to talk about other things and to divert her mind till I could get a more favorable hour in which to tell her of the child. But she kept insisting that I tell her all about her darling. Then I had to tell her plainly that her baby was dead. I thought it would kill her. We wept together and then I prayed. After getting a firmer grip on my feelings, I began telling her about the death, except the poison, and described the burial. She would have me tell her just where the grave was located. Fortunately I had been to the cemetery with Lillian after her mother's death. We sat by her mother's grave. As we sat there under two beautiful magnolia trees, we had talked about a stone in an adjoining lot. It was the stone figure of Christ sitting with a child in each arm and a boy standing at his knee. Lillian was deeply impressed with the truth which the monument expressed so strikingly. Just across this lot was the grave of the only child of my physician. We had talked about all these things, so that she knew the location quite well.

"When the baby died my physician asked me

to have her buried in his lot by his own little girl. So I told Lillian that her baby was resting sweetly by the side of Dr. Martin's little Beatrice. I thought this might comfort her and at least relieve the sense of loneliness. I told her of the flowers we all laid on the tiny grave and how dear old Brother Watts had prayed for the Good Shepherd to take this little lamb up in His arms and carry it gently in His bosom, and how he prayed that the mother might follow it home to heaven. Then I told her how we all sang 'By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.'

"She listened to it all with the deepest interest, now and then wiping the tears from her eyes.

"I stayed with her all that afternoon. It seemed almost impossible to leave her. I did so only after promising to return the next morning.

"On my way back to the settlement I censured myself that I had not in my haste taken her some flowers to help brighten her room. So I stopped at a store in town and sent out some beautiful white roses and carnations. It was the only time in my life that I felt it was right to be extravagant. The flowers cost me nearly five dollars. But I gladly paid it. I felt that those beautiful flowers were cheap at any price if they would only carry a little gladness to Lillian and make her sure of my love.

"From the florist store I walked down the street a few blocks to Mr. Millburn's office. The porter said he was holding some kind of meeting. But I insisted that my business was also urgent and that I must see him. I sent in my card and he hastened

out and explained that he was in a very important meeting with the directors of the bank, but that they would be through in a few minutes and then he wanted to talk with me. I was taken to a small private room in the bank and given the afternoon paper. I glanced at the front page with no thought of reading the news, but much as a child would look at a book, for my thought was all about Lillian and the little grave on the western slope of the hill. But my eyes did see enough to catch the big head-lines: 'Mr. Millburn and His Daughter Arrive.'

"I was reading over this news item when Mr. Millburn came in. He seemed to be quite pleased to see me, though his face bore the marks of sorrow and fear. He explained to me how Lillian had spent the entire time on their long trip grieving for the baby. He said nothing would comfort her; and all his efforts to divert her affection seemed only to intensify her love for the baby. Furthermore her health was such that he was convinced that she had a serious case of consumption. A physician had told him as much. Becoming alarmed over her health and also fearing the mental consequence of so much grief he decided to hasten home and if possible relieve her mind by letting her stay with me and the child for at least a while. At this time he had not heard of the child's death. When I told him that the baby had been dead for several weeks, he first looked disappointed then quietly remarked: 'Well, poor thing, I reckon it is

better off dead. Maybe, too, Lillian will be better satisfied now if she knows it is gone.'

"I hastened, however, to say that I had told Lillian of the baby's death and that she was prostrated with grief. I urged him to go out at once to be with her. He insisted that I get in his automobile and go back home with him; but as I had an important meeting on at the settlement that evening I explained that it was impossible. I promised to return to his home in the morning and spend as much time with Lillian as I could during the next week or so. As I started to leave he took my hand and said with tears: 'Miss Rishnell, I want to thank you for all you have done for us, and for your kindness to Lillian. I believe she loves you more than she ever loved her own mother. My only hope is that you may be able to help us.'

"On reaching my library I tried to make preparations for the evening meeting. But my thought was all about Lillian and that broken-hearted father. They completely absorbed my mind. When the hour came for the meeting, I felt so out of harmony with all but the sobs and tears and heartache of that shattered home across town that I asked Miss Palmer to take charge of the meeting. She looked at me with surprise, but when I assured her that I would explain later, she agreed.

"I went to my room and tried to find some solace in reading the fourteenth and seventeenth chapters

of the Gospel of John. But I could not bring my mind from the scenes of the day even to think of those sacred words. I then took refuge in the Christian's unfailing haven of rest when the tempests of life rage and the billows of sorrow threaten to engulf the soul. The moment I turned to prayer that beautiful hymn passed into my mind and I sang it on my knees: 'Peace, peace, the gift of God's love.' During the singing my soul was flooded with such a wonderful peace and joy that I felt heaven itself could never afford any sweeter and more ecstatic experience. My whole being was thrilled and saturated with a heavenly harmony and held in such a glorious calm that I seemed to feel the very pulse beat of the Eternal. All fear and sadness passed from me. Heaven seemed to have been let down into my room, and but for my dull ears I could have heard the angels singing. My body for that sacred hour was in my way. I walked to my window and gazing out into the beautiful, clear, eastern sky, the very stars seemed to be companions and but for the weight of my body, I could fly away on the wings of thought to those far-off worlds of light. There was no past or future then, eternity seemed crowded into those few minutes. My long lost loved ones seemed near and I dared not reach out my hand lest I should touch the Saviour Himself, and by unclean flesh disturb the sweet communion of my spirit with Him.

"The spell of that hallowed trance was broken when Miss Palmer knocked at my door and called

to me: 'Miss Rishnell, you are wanted at the telephone.' The interruption came as a shock, and I felt as if I had been called back from the joys of heavenly peace and rest to take up the routine humdrum of my daily work. Yet all things seemed somewhat different because of the experience I had just passed through.

"On going to the telephone I observed that it was nearly ten o'clock, and I was greatly surprised at the lateness of the hour.

"Mr. Millburn was at the telephone. His voice was all in a tremor as he told me that Lillian had disappeared. He said they had been searching over an hour for her and thought she might have come to the settlement. He then asked if I could possibly come over, saying that he would send for me. I agreed to do so and began at once to get ready. All the while my one question was regarding Lillian. Where could she be? I first thought of the river. But it seemed so horrible I couldn't allow my mind to dwell on the suggestion. But over and over her words came back to me: "If I could get to the bridge I would jump off." Soon the automobile came. I heard it some distance away and rushed down to save every second. I asked George, the chauffeur, to make a run to the bridge in all possible speed. He asked why I wanted to go to the bridge. My only reply was that I would tell him later, but for him to go and go quickly.

"It was then nearly eleven o'clock. Few ve-

hicles were on the street and George did his best. He slowed down as we approached the bridge when I asked that we go across slowly. My eyes searched along either side of the bridge, but I saw no one. Then I looked down the river, and oh, how I longed to know whether perchance my unfortunate friend was there. We crossed the bridge and turned and came back to the centre where I asked George to stop. He looked for the moment as if he thought I myself was going to make the fatal leap. But I soon explained that I had feared Lillian might have jumped into the river. It seemed he had never dreamed of such a possibility. We then gazed up and down the river and watched along the bridge for some minutes. Everything was quiet except for a passing street car now and then.

"Finding no clue there, I asked George to hasten to the Millburn home. All the way my eyes searched along the streets in the hope of catching some glimpse of Lillian. When we reached the house Mr. Millburn rushed out, eager to know if I had heard anything of her. The man could not have looked more helpless and anxious if an earthquake had suddenly swallowed up half the city. We went into the house and researched it from top to bottom. We even went through the servants' rooms and shed out in the yard. We then went back to Lillian's room and sat down in our helplessness, while we guessed and wondered and asked questions.

"I asked Miss Watson if any flowers came for Lillian that afternoon. She replied that the flowers came soon after I left and that Lillian became almost frantic over them, she seemed so pleased. I then asked what she did with the flowers. 'The flowers!' said Miss Watson as she turned to point to the table, 'oh, the flowers are gone!' In their excitement they had not even observed that the flowers had disappeared. This was a clue. I felt sure she had not gone to the river with flowers in her hand. I was also confident that when she took the flowers she had no intention of suicide. 'Where then would she want to go with flowers?' I asked myself. My answer was that there were only two places on earth where she would want to go with such emblems of love.

"Without explaining fully all that I had in mind I asked that we go speedily to the settlement. In a moment we started, after Mr. Millburn had instructed the servants to stay up and watch till we returned. On our way I explained that probably Lillian had gone to the settlement, and reaching there after I had left she might be waiting for me. But we soon found on our arrival there that this was a vain hope. Then I knew my other conjecture must be true. I felt sure for myself, but feared to express my confidence. I turned to Mr. Millburn and said: 'Well, I wonder if it is possible that she went to the grave?' The suggestion was hardly made till Mr. Millburn replied: 'Maybe so; we can run out and see.' The cemetery was about

three miles away on a well macadamized pike. George put us there in a few minutes. The gate was closed, of course. The keeper was asleep; for the hour was then about two o'clock in the morning. So we had George pull up close to the rock wall, which reached to the level of the seats in the automobile. We then stepped off on the rocks and on the ground, which was on that side only about a foot below the top of the wall. We walked up the steep slope to the driveway and then along this road darkened by the magnolias and cedars on either side. As we reached the top of the hill, we stopped to get a view of the big pine by which I hoped to locate the grave. Seeing the outlines of two big trees close together, two or three hundred yards down the slope of the hill, I was somewhat at a loss. We walked on, however, in that direction.

"It was a cool October night, perfectly clear and still as the graves all about us. Oh, how my eyes tried to pierce the darkness to catch some sight of my dear lost friend. It was quite dark, especially because of the trees. We approached closer and closer to the sacred spot where I stood only a few weeks before and saw that darling baby laid away as if she had been my own child. I now felt a strange gladness to visit the scene again, and yet I dreaded it. As we came closer it seemed that my heart would stop beating. When we got within about twenty steps of the big pine, I said scarcely above a whisper: 'Let's stop and listen.' We stood

still for a moment. My knees were trembling. I stooped, trying if possible to get the grave between me and the open sky. But we failed to hear or see anything. Then I thought that even if Lillian were there our coming might frighten her, so I decided all at once to call aloud: 'Lillian!' Then we listened in breathless suspense. Again I called: 'Oh, Lillian!' Before my voice had died away in the darkness there came from our left a reply scarcely audible: 'Miss Rishnell, is that you?' For a moment we could not speak. We were surprised, almost startled at the direction of the voice; for we had missed our way slightly. The voice was so muffled and strange that for an instant I feared the sound might be only an apparition. We slowly started towards the direction of the voice. We had no light nor any means of making one. After a few steps Mr. Millburn called out: 'Lillian, is that you, daughter?' 'Yes, papa,' was the unmistakable response. We quickened our pace, bending over so as to see her. She was sitting beside the little new grave. She was loath to leave, but we insisted that she go home with us at once. She seemed so hoarse that she was almost croupy.

"We hastened home as quickly as possible. At my suggestion we had a hot bath prepared for her, thinking this might set up a reaction, and then massaged her with alcohol. I stayed in the room with her that night. She did not want to talk. She scarcely answered my questions. Her sleep was sound, but for a sudden start now and then.

"The next morning it developed that she had contracted a severe cold. This grew worse rapidly. So not wishing to take any more chances, I suggested to Mr. Millburn that he allow me to call in Dr. Martin. He did all that any physician could do, for he prayed as well as worked. But it soon developed that in addition to incipient consumption, she had contracted acute pneumonia. Day after day I could see her growing weaker and weaker and I knew too well what the outcome would be. One afternoon the doctor called me out and said that Lillian could at best live only a few days. That night I sat close by her side eager to render any service possible. As it had been our custom since my stay with her, I read a passage from the Scripture and prayed with her before going to bed. This evening I read the fourteenth chapter of the book of John. My prayer was an effort to direct her attention to the life beyond the grave, where loved ones meet to part no more. After my prayer she seemed to be thinking very intently about something. I sat down by the bedside, took her hand in mine and was stroking it gently when she turned and looking straight into my face with an expression of infinite longing asked: 'Miss Rishnell, baby will be mine in heaven, won't she?' I just had time to say, 'Yes, dear, yes,' before dropping my face on the pillow, for her question had completely upset my emotions.

"Lillian grew worse rapidly the next day. Then in the early morning about three o'clock,

while Mr. Millburn, Miss Watson and I were quietly watching for the angel of death to appear, she asked me to sing a hymn which she often heard me sing. It was also the one I sang alone in my room the night Lillian disappeared.

"'Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

"'Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest.

"'Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

"'Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

"'Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

"'Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

"'It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.'

"Then in a little while those sad tearful eyes closed quietly and shut out all the sorrows of this world.

"We buried her on the western slope of the hill and not far from the little new grave where she had sat alone eleven nights before and wept and prayed for her darling. As we sang and prayed there together we rejoiced to believe that in the 'Beautiful Isle of Somewhere' a mansion was prepared and a child was awaiting its mother in glory —the two reunited in love and joy forever."

# XII

# The True Object of Life

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### THE TRUE OBJECT OF LIFE

IT was during an At Home Evening at the settlement when McGregor and Miss Rishnell were in conversation, that I took occasion to refer to Andrews. After McGregor had explained what took place in our last interview, I asked Miss Rishnell what she thought of him. She had seen him frequently and heard him speak several times. I especially desired to get her estimate of his character; for in addition to her possession in a marked degree of woman's sixth sense of intuition, she is the most unerring adept at reading character that I have ever known. It seems to be a natural gift which has been developed by constant use in dealing with all kinds of persons till she seems to be able almost to tell you what a person is thinking about. Her art strikes one at times as being almost uncanny. Her skill is in discovering the constant and ruling motives in a life. She regards the daily conduct, either good or evil, as insignificant except as symptoms of the underlying motives. "The quality of a man's character is to be judged by what he loves," she remarked, as a sort of preface to her interpretation of this unique personality. "Mr. Andrews," she continued, "is ruled by two sets of motives and ideals. The dominant impulses of his

life are those which controlled him all during his career as a warrior, scout, prospector and criminal. He is selfish, covetous, cunning, courageous and cruel. These traits of character have been developed from childhood on up to the time of his conversion. At that time his character was fixed, his whole life was just as certain to be swayed by selfish motives as a tiger is by hunger.

"But I believe he really had an experience which he calls conversion. At that time he got a glimpse of a better life, and aspired for nobility of character. But nothing short of a miracle could change such a man into a Christian. The awful tragedy of his life was during those earlier years of childhood and youth and early manhood when motives were growing. Now they are developed and as unchangeable as the very bones of his body. He may want to have black hair again, but his wish can never be so intense as to melt the frost from those snowy locks and bring back the freshness of youth. He may aspire ever so much now to be pure and honest, but his soul is set as surely as the elements that cement the rocks of the mountains; his will is mature and can no more be rejuvenated than the rafters in this building can be made to sprout and grow again. He really does at times yearn to be good. He sees the innocence of little children and is pleased at the charm of their sincerity. Yet he is doomed to be forever a hypocrite. In singing he gets a taste of the joy of godliness, but it is only a taste, his food must always be the tares that he has sown in his

own memory. Now and then he may think of the true and the good and the beautiful, and long for a heaven of love, but it is too late; the fatal parting of the ways was years ago when he chose the way of sin for a season. Now there is no turning back and between him and the way heavenward is that 'great gulf fixed.' Andrews' life is more awful to me than death, because he represents millions who are day by day following in the inexorable way of the sour hearted whose end is despair. He is like Dives in hell but knowing the happiness in heaven. He aspires to be good for profit, but can never attain. He craves holiness of life to soothe a stinging conscience, yet he knows that his famished heart can never enjoy so much as one drop of pure love. His very prayer is selfish. Still his only enduring good is a prayer with merely the shadowy hope of an answer."

At this point McGregor inquired: "Miss Rishnell, do I understand you to say that a person may for years so habitually suppress all the better motives and impulses in his heart by sin, that it becomes impossible for him ever to respond permanently to the good?" "That is not only possible, but I see the actual process every day. Instead of a child's being born totally depraved, it is really endowed with good and evil attributes, but usually with the good predominant. The only thing most children need, if the blood is pure, is a good environment and incarnated ideals of moral and religious reality. Ninety-nine of the hundred

will then grow up to be pure, noble characters. If for the first thirty years of his life a person's environment is evil and if his associates live in overt sin or in more poisonous hypocrisy, then he too will follow in the way of evil just as certain as he favors his parents.

"The saddest thing this world ever saw is not the destruction of earthquakes and of famine and of war as terrible as these are, but the saddest sight God's eye looks upon is the cruelty of human society in permitting influences and environments to exist which so mould and fix the characters of the innocent children that when they grow up to manhood and womanhood they are doomed to live forever under the sway of evil motives that poison and embitter all life and make true happiness impossible.

"There may be, however, one thing even more pathetic, and that is the sight of children born in hell. Some are; the children of parents whose blood is poisoned with crime and whose spirits are paralyzed with lust. The children of such parents are sometimes born dead, but they are more often born damned. The greatest curse of all the ages is the existence of such parents and the worst sin of omission of legislatures is that they have not restricted the marriage of criminals and persons whose blood is infected with the diseases of sin."

McGregor's face at this moment looked like one big interrogation. He asked: "Well, you don't mean to say, Miss Rishnell, that it is impossible

for God to save a person over thirty?" "No," she replied, "I do not say anything is impossible with God; I am talking about God's habit. There is a great difference between what God can do and what He actually does. God could send manna as rain from heaven to keep the Chinese from starvation, but He does not. God could have saved the Christians in the Boxer Massacre, but He did not. God has turned over to man very largely the building of this world.

"In the beginning God made man in His own image and breathed into him the spirit of divine life, but now it is for the parents to say what their offspring shall be. *They* are creators now. They may be so pure and strong in body and mind and be so godly and keep in such happy unison with the will of the Eternal as to be able to bring into life an immortal, heaven-crowned, God-inspired soul, the most sublime creation of eternity. Or on the other hand parents may be so possessed of evil, be so degenerate, so sinful as to breathe into the soul of their babe the spirit of a demon and blight his heart with the curse of moral disease until from birth the child is doomed to hell and his very first cry at birth is a wail of death. Here are these poor helpless children in Hell's Acre. God could save them from the cotton mill, and the saloon, but He leaves that for us to do. If we want to let the children be destroyed for wages we can. If we are willing to leave the saloon here with its poison, and the vile house with its

gaudy colors and sin, heaven will not say us nay. God could prevent the city slum altogether, but His habit is to let man build what he wills. Hell's Acre might just as well be a community of pure, healthy, happy Christian homes, instead of these seething, vile, polluted dens of wickedness, disease and crime which are a repulsive, moral leprosy in the sight of God.

"God has established certain eternal laws of matter and mind. He has given man the key to understand these laws and the material with which he is to work. Besides, God has so constructed the universe that the advantage always favors the good and opposes the evil. Yet it is still in the power of man's will to make this world a hell or a heaven. The horror of it is that so many are trying to make it a hell, and so few seem to be determined to make it a heaven. Still both forces are working daily, hourly under the same smiling face of the Almighty. God knows the far-off outcome and He waits in the infinite serenity of absolute knowledge. He seems to be satisfied with the battle. What of it if a few soldiers are slain here and there on the field? The enemy is retreating. Slowly, it is true, but retreating and that means victory—a glorious, eternal victory. It may be centuries removed, but a thousand years is as one day in building the kingdom of God. In that golden age that lies out before us a man will not say to his brother, 'Where is heaven?' for this planet will be one great city of God; and no one

will then look up through tears and wonder if there is a hell; for the sin with the tears will have ceased to be and all the histories of war and slavery will have been burned, and all the scaffolding in the building of the world will be removed and the accidents forgotten and then one may look upon a completed world and see the perfect man and God's finished product will appear 'very good.'"

Here Miss Rishnell remarked: "Now, what I have said may not square with books on theology, but this is the way I look at these things." McGregor inquired with a smile: "Well, I am not concerned at all about the theology, but I am extremely eager to know the truth. You speak beautifully of what the world is to become in the future ages and of how man will ultimately live here without sin and suffering and enjoy holiness of character in a heavenly world; but I am bothered about another question, What is to become of Andrews and everybody like him? He is living now, and you say his character is fixed and that he is to remain sinful forever?" Here Miss Rishnell responded with considerable feeling: "What is to become of him? Why, nothing can become of him. He has already spent his years of probation; his apprenticeship of character making is past; he has squandered his good motives and impulses for pleasure and gold; he has become a dehumanized animal. He can never become anything else. His adolescence has passed, he has ceased to become, *he is.*

"This I may say is the curse of most modern business. It is a dehumanizing process. Its object is to acquire a fortune and not to develop character which alone endures with God forever. If these men who are giving themselves wholly to making money would just stop long enough to see that they are becoming money machines and will soon reach the point where they can become nothing else, they would hate modern business methods as they would dread poison. But no, they are too busy now and they will be too busy to-morrow and next year business will be greater still, but wait twenty or thirty years till this process has done its work. Then what? Yes, people will say he is worth a million, but that means nothing, they don't care if it is a hundred million. They will say also that he is covetous and selfish—a cold, heartless money machine. That is the finished product. That is what he has become. He is despised and he too will come to hate himself and loathe his very existence, for his soul will be in reality as worthless and joyless as the sand in the bottom of the sea.

"There is but one value in all this world and that is character. It is the standard of values forever; for other worlds as well as for this planet. We think too much of our bodies; of our clay dwellings. If we only would think of ourselves apart from our bodies, things would look different. What value will a million dollars be to a disembodied spirit? What value will a great pure love be then?

When men think of themselves as immortal, as eternal, then wealth will be meaningless, and character will be of infinite worth. My father used to be proud of his big farm on which he lies buried. Now that farm is of no value except as it may be a blessing to others; but his character, developed while he was on the farm, is his only treasure for eternity."

There was a considerable pause after this statement and then McGregor said: "Miss Rishnell, I must thank you for this talk. Things have been clearing up wonderfully while you have been speaking. I am beginning to wish again that I might be a preacher. I wish you would tell us what you think of immortality. Do you really expect to live forever?"

"I am perfectly sure of it," replied Miss Rishnell. "I have no more dread of death than of sleep. There is one fact in this connection that has helped me greatly. God has never created a deception. You cannot find in all the world a single instance where God has created an essential desire or aspiration in beast or man that is without the existence of the corresponding object to satisfy the desire or aspiration. The fact that I thirst is proof that there is water. The attribute of love in my heart is conclusive evidence that others live whom I may love. The natural disposition to worship proves that there is a God to be worshipped. The universal and essential yearning for unending life is absolute proof to me that I am immortal. It is in-

conceivable that in a world of order God would allow the deepest yearning of every human heart to be false." "That is fine!" said McGregor. "Now, if I ever become a preacher I think I will be a missionary. What do you think of missions, anyway?"

"It is the greatest work on earth!" she exclaimed. "In fact, it is the only business really worth while that a person can do. Missions is simply building the world according to Christ's ideal and plan—it is making this world over into the kingdom of God. Any man that is not doing that in some way is wasting his life. Every person ought to be working to accomplish this one end—the kingdom of God. Any man who brings to pass God's rule in business is just as much a missionary as Francis Xavier ever was. We need missionaries everywhere—men who will establish and maintain the rule of God in law, in politics, in business and everywhere on earth.

"My theory is that the world will have to be saved by sections. All we need to do to save any community or country is to shut out all influences for evil and introduce in their place influences that aid the development of character. Most people naturally love the good and grow to be good if we only provide a suitable environment. I have chosen Hell's Acre for my field. My work is like that of the farmer. I am to pull out the weeds of evil influences and plant the seed of divine truth in the hearts of the people and then let it grow.

The harvest, too, will make glad the heart of God.

"Even more important is my effort to bridge the chasm that is widening between the classes in this great city. Our American cities are composed of heterogeneous sections that are at war with each other. Here is Hell's Acre with its poverty, ignorance and sin, and out there is the big boulevard with its wealth, culture and selfishness. Between these classes is a great chasm. The finest task for patriots just now is to bridge this chasm, so that these classes may meet and come to understand each other, to sympathize with each other and learn to be mutually helpful. We need to fuse all these heterogeneous elements of our cities and then mould them into a solid homogeneous community. The only power under heaven that can do this superhuman work is the superhuman Gospel of God's fatherhood and of universal brotherhood faithfully taught and genuinely lived.

"The pity of it all is that there are some callous, burned out lives in which no truth can grow. I have less and less confidence in efforts to save men and women who have lived so long in sin that their habits and ideals are fixed. My time is spent in trying to help and save the children. It is easy to save the children, even slum children; it is not hard to save young men and women, even the very worst, if they are only placed in a good environment and if the truth is faithfully taught by teachers who incarnate their ideals. The young are plastic, but it

is a human impossibility to make pure, lovable characters out of lifelong sinners, whose consciences are seared and whose souls are sour, nay, verily they are even now ready for the Gehenna of incurables."

On leaving the settlement that night, McGregor and I walked, at his suggestion, all the way home. At first he seemed to be in a profound study and was slow to enter into conversation. But later the secret of his thoughtful mood was revealed by a remark regarding Miss Rishnell. I followed up this clue with all the skill I could possibly command, and before we reached home I had read some of the deepest and hitherto hidden feelings of his heart.

He reviewed the whole story of his life—the early effort to support his mother, his ambition to get an education, his mother's sacrifice to keep him in the college and university, his loss of faith in the seminary and the period of bitterness and anxiety that followed, his failure in the practice of law, his mother's death and the sorrow that would not heal, and his deep yearning still to be of some real service to humanity. Then he told me of how his mother's death had intensified his desire to be useful and of the new and wonderful joy he had found recently in the work he had been doing in the settlement. Finally he said: "After all I have come to believe that the source of all true happiness is to be found in just two things—friendship and work. I have never had a great mastering friendship and I have never found any work to which I could

devote myself with enthusiasm. But since I have been going to the settlement, I have found more real joy than in all the rest of my life. My whole thought is focused in that place. And this fact leads me to think that possibly I ought to change my plans again and become a missionary. Practicing law seems such a useless, selfish life. It is an everlasting scrap and I want to help people. So I believe that in the work of missions I could find my greatest delight and best success."

I reminded him of his former statement that true happiness was to be found in "friendship and work."

"What about the friendship? Well, for some time I have been thinking that there are just three things in the world that are sacred. These are life, truth and love. People talk about sacred places and sacred buildings and sacred books. But these *things* are not sacred. No mere *thing* can be sacred. People speak of the churches as sacred. Church buildings are no more sacred than a hospital. The people are sacred, not the church. They are the temples of God, not brick and stone buildings.

"Again people speak of the Holy Bible and call it the 'Sacred Book.' But to me the Bible, as a book, is no more sacred than the dictionary. The truth in the Bible is the sacred element. It was for this that martyrs died gladly—not for any morocco bound book, however pretty, would one die. No place or building or mere book can be sacred, but life and truth everywhere and always are sacred. And woe unto the man that desecrates either.

"Somehow, I have recently come to think that the most sacred thing in all God's universe is friendship. This is the very essence of life and truth. It is true of God as well as man. God is love; and man at his best is love. Love unlocks the mystery of the universe. Love is the light that drives away the darkness of doubt. Love removes all fear and levels the way for every day's journey. Love makes the bitter sweet and turns one's sorrow into song. Love lifts the soul out of drudgery and breathes joy into work. Love opens the windows of heaven and lets the glory of God's smile shine upon life's pathway. I believe that love alone will solve all the problems of all the ages. Now that is why I think that friendship is so essential to happiness. One great love can recreate a life almost instantly. The fact is my own life has been completely transformed within the last three months. I am no more the same person than if I had been born of different parents. I know now the secret of life, for I have a great friendship and I have a noble work to do and my soul is as happy as the heart of an archangel."

It was a late and happy hour when we bade each other "good-night," but as I walked up the steps of my home thinking of this conversation, I knew that in all the long centuries of the world the marvellous genius of Amor had never displayed finer skill than in the magic transformation of McGregor's life by the mastery of love.

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